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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

We are afraid that his Imperial Majesty of France is not at all satisfied with the way the English press talks of Italian affairs. The article in the *Constitutionnel* lately gives expression to this feeling; and helps out the humiliations of Villafranca by a little French boasting. If his Majesty did not attack Germany, it was not from fear, &c. Possibly not; but it was very wise of him all the same, much more wise than daring, considering the tone he had taken up to that time. We have only to deal with events, and not with possibilities. What did happen was, that in the face of Austria's stubborn resistance, and of the discontent of other Powers, the Emperor cut short his programme, and made a *bargain* to be allowed to do so. Austria was to keep Venetia, and half her Lombard strongholds, and to be saved from all chance of a revolution in her Slavonian provinces. Bonaparte was to pay the King of Sardinia for his services and for the prestige of his honourable name and alliance by giving him part of Lombardy. Central Italy, meanwhile, was to receive its tyrants again; and a Confederation was to be formed, nobody knew how, to secure the advantage of nobody knew what. Thousands of men had died to bring about this; and to put a laurel on the brow of one who thought that, on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, the blood of a usurpation was but washed out by the blood of a successful war.

The French press must not be allowed to mislead people on the subject of the King of Sardinia's pretensions. The moral right of that Monarch to to form a joint kingdom with the consent of the Central States is thoroughly respectable. The Governors of these States have abdicated; they have run; they have no parties worth mentioning in their former dominions, and have not even the dignity of "pretenders." Who, then, has a right to dispose of the States if not the States themselves? Napoleon has no *locus standi* in Italy except as Sardinia's ally, and in that capacity his part of the work is over. His only right, strictly, is to advise the peoples which he has won by giving them the opportunity of choosing their new government. And, of course, if he like, and they like, there is no reason why his cousin should not be King as well as anybody else. Only they do not like, and he is intriguing either to make them get over this disgust, or to chastise them for it.

We think ourselves that the said disgust is perfectly natural. Why should there be any disguise on the subject? Plon-Plon is a poor creature, a *roué* without wit, an ambitious man without courage or brains; "a bad egg" out of an eagle's nest. They want an Italian, a gentleman, a loyal, high-spirited personage; and, turning their eyes a little to the northward, they find him in Victor Emmanuel. He alone can organise an Italian State strong enough to take an independent position,

and national enough to embody the sentiment of the Italian youth. He would be in a *natural* position there, anyhow, while Plon-Plon would either be a vassal of his cousin, or would be made a tool of by local parties and factions. We are told that Naples would be jealous, and that dangers might arise from that circumstance if Sardinia were made the head of a new kingdom. But it would not be Sardinia's interest to give any provocation, and you *must* risk something. We can fancy a potentate of the Bomba stamp not liking the spectacle of such a kingdom; but so much the better: it might shame or frighten him into human, moral, and rational views as to the government of his subjects.

Some sanguine Parisians having fancied that there was to be

considered the more serious does our task look. Vast expenses are certain; and, though we are told that these are to be paid by China, we cannot but apprehend a long delay before we get "the little account." It is curious to consider how many of the present complications of the world are caused by the old, old question of the North *versus* the East. A war in China; Christian plots against the Sultan; a Spanish expedition attacking Morocco,—everywhere the antique strife between Europe and the "Barbarians." The superiority of Europe in war, in the long run, is an established fact. But nearly all the "Eastern questions" are subjects of contention amongst the Northern Powers themselves, and it seems to be through the quarrels of these that the East will avenge itself. We are not

of Dr. Cumming's way of looking at things; but we certainly think a man very shortsighted who, with the great symptoms of coming strifes before him, can really believe that nothing remains for Europe but continuous peace, machine-making, and trade. The eagerness with which all subjects bearing on fitness for war are discussed contrasts strangely with such a notion. Every day the *Times* contains plans of the kind. Now we have a soldier wanting to supersede seamen by marines; now we are told that the workhouse must be drained of their boys for military service. Autumn leisure? Yes. But why should autumn bear this particular fruit in such plenty? We may regret all this; but we are bound to say that the opposite extreme—the obstinate determination to disbelieve in war—is the more dangerous to the country.

The "Strike"—our great domestic topic, this recess, so far—will, apparently, end in an unsatisfactory and ignoble way. The men must now see that the "Nine-hour" cry was a mistake; and they ought also to remember that it was that special demand which produced the "Document" in revenge. For our own part, we should be glad to see the "document," as it stands, withdrawn; and on this ground—that the "Nine-hour" movement will have been defeated, and that concession is the best policy, if there is ever to be a decent human feeling be-

tween master and man at all. It is no use pushing a victory to extremes. Were the "document" signed everywhere tomorrow, combinations in a new form would spring up in a few years, and the masters would only find the next struggle bitterer than ever. Suppose the "document" imposed, as the Koran was imposed by the old Mussulman conquerors, by force, it remains, everywhere staring the men in the face as a sign of conquest; not to mention that, under one aspect, the men's combinations are really useful and harmless. How will friendliness ever exist under such circumstances? Yet there must be some belief in each other, among those who work together; life is not tolerable when permeated by suspicion and hate. The general public, we fancy, is apt to suspect that there are faults



THE CONSCRIPT'S DEPARTURE.—(FROM A PICTURE BY J. J. LOUSTAN, IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.)

"liberty of the press" in France, the *Moniteur* has hastened to dispel the delusion, garnishing the exposition with that hypocrisy which is a permanent feature of the new régime. "When reason is against a man, he will be against reason," said old Hobbes. The Republicans compare the present Emperor to Nero; but this is a great mistake. The ancient biographer assures us that Nero was remarkable for his indifference to attacks upon himself.

Preparations are afoot, meanwhile, for the Chinese war; and we trust that the French Government (whose loss at the Peiho was but trivial) means to bring a good share of forces to the work. We are still without the means of explaining the defeat of our squadrons entirely; but the more the whole affair is con-

on both sides, between masters and men. Each strives to use the other too much for his own benefit merely. To the master, the men are instruments; to the men, the master is a machine. The improvement of this state of sentiment lies out of the reach of politicians—is contrary to the interests of demagogues—but may well engage the attention of society and the churches.

THE DEPARTURE.

HUMAN society is agreed as to the policy of making the best of a bad job. We, in our "seagirt isle," and, with our constitutional Government, are unanimous in the conviction that it is well to induce young men to go to sea with a view to the maintenance of Britannia's maritime supremacy, and a practical declaration, that Britons never, never shall be slaves. They order these things, it may be better, at all events differently, in France. There it is necessary to bring up a youth in the idea that he must some day stand up to be shot at on dry land. The result is that young Frenchmen adopt this notion, and do the best as they can to pretend to like it. "The Conscription's Departure" is a chronically-recurring incident in French ill-to-do life, wherein, if you cannot pay for a substitute, you must consent to be a warrior. Most of such incidents have been immortalised by the matchless Bowyer. Curiously enough, he has neglected to treat this subject positively. But we find it illustrated, indirectly, in the song of "The Old Corporal," of which we will attempt a rough translation, calculated to show what may become of the conscript:—

THE OLD CORPORAL.

Now, comrades, march! To lead and prime,
For my discharge will not take long.
To smoke my pipe out, yet, there's time;
And then, no matter! I was wrong.
To grow so old in service still,
Gave that to you, the younger fry.
I've proved a father upon drill;
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

An officer—a beardless cub!—
Insulted me: I knocked him flat.
His wounds are healed; but I his sub,
Must die (sound law! no blame to that!)
Anger and drink this old arm nerved;
I restrain the blow, that could not I.
All's over! With the GREAT MAN I served.
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

My lads, I'm sure you'll never grudge
An arm or leg to win a cross.
How mine was earned you all can judge—
In fights; price each, a kingdom's loss.
I've told the tale; you've paid its worth.
In many a wine-cup brimming high.
But, Lord, what's glory here on earth?
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

Young Robin, what! my village mate!
Go home and tend the old man's flock.
These gardens—what a sorry state;
To our green fields compare those rocks!
As sweet as honey from the hive,
Those wild flow'rs in the woods hard by.
God! my old mother's still alive!
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

Who's that keeps sobbing there below?
The drummer's widow! Ah, I see!
Her mate and child from Russia's snow
She recollects were saved by me.
The babe upon my back I bore
Long days and nights—no creature nigh.
She'll pray for me when all is o'er.
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

By Jove! my pipe is out! Not yet;
So much the better. Still a whiff.
Now, comrades, never winco or fret—
See how I stand, erect and stiff.
A thousand pardons for the pain;
Don't bind my eyes; aim straight and high.
God see you all safe home again,
"Shoulder arms! Eyes dry!"

R. B. B.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Lord Cowley and Count Walewski have visited the Emperor at Biarritz, where the King of the Belgians is said to have made a diplomatic success; but information is wanted as to the point wherein that success really lies. We may, however, assume that the intentions of King Leopold are of the good sort, and it is to be hoped the Emperor of the French has been greatly benefited by the instructions of such a sage and peaceful councillor.

The *Moniteur* of Monday contained a circular of the Minister of the Interior, addressed to the Prefects, concerning the régime of the press:—

The Minister holds it necessary to remind the Prefects of the principle upon which the late decree concerning the effect of the warnings given to newspapers was founded. He says the decree of February 17, 1852, is not a law enacted on account of a particular crisis, and which would not be available during a time of peace and tranquillity. Like every political law, this one is also capable of improvement, but the principles of the law are closely connected with the restoration of authority in France, and with the creation of unity of power, based on universal suffrage. The Government does not fear the discussion of its acts in a loyal spirit, neither does it fear any attacks; but the general welfare of the people imposes upon the Government the obligation of not putting aside lawful arms, which are guarantees, and not obstructions, to the right of publication of one's opinion, which could not be taken away from an enlightened people like the French. This right is not to be confounded with the exercise of the liberty of the press by means of newspapers. If the Government reserves to itself the right to punish abuses, it does not interfere with the liberty of expressing one's thoughts, and will retain those restrictions only which are required out of respect for the Constitution, the legitimacy of the Imperial dynasty, and the interest of order, morality, and religion. The Government is far from imposing a servile approbation of its measures; it will always tolerate opposition in a serious spirit, and will not confound the right of control with a systematic opposition and premeditated ill-will. The Government will be only too glad to be enlightened itself by fair criticism and discussion, but will not permit society to be troubled by culpable excitation or hostile passions.

ITALY.

The Prussian Minister at Turin has announced that he will henceforth attest passports for the Austrian States, in consequence, most probably, of there not being as yet an Austrian Minister at Turin. It seems that a desire has sprung up in the Sardinian army and navy to be allowed to fight the Chinese. The frivolousness of such a desire, evidently the fruits of the King of Sardinia's participation in the Crimean campaign, has certainly been seldom, if ever, surpassed.

The Pope, who has been suffering from erysipelas in the leg, and fever, is recovering. Conferences between Cardinal Antonelli and the French Ambassador continue to be very frequent.

In Sicily, it is said, everything is tending to revolution. Proclamations have been posted on the walls inviting the people to hold themselves in readiness for an insurrection. The police having offered a reward for the denunciation of the author, a new bill was posted offering to give the police notice of the day on which the Italian banner should be raised. A number of political prisoners were being conveyed the other day from Avellino to Naples by gendarmes. One of these unfortunate men fell down with fatigue on the way, and died in his manacles, the gendarmes having refused to release his hands.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has addressed a circular despatch to its diplomatic agents in Germany, announcing that, if any of the German Sovereigns should lend himself to aid the present movement for federal reform and German unity, he must expect that Austria will oppose his projects in the Diet, and by every other legal means in her power.

The *Wiener Zeitung* contains an Imperial decree raising the state of siege in Venice. However, some slight regulations will continue provisionally in force for certain cases.

SPAIN.

According to a letter from Madrid, a somewhat sharp discussion has taken place between Marshal O'Donnell, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Buchanan, the English Envoy, relative to the military preparations of Spain against Morocco. The former having energetically answered certain observations of the latter, Mr. Buchanan asked if he had any objection to repeat them in writing; the Marshal immediately rang the bell, sent for a secretary, dictated the reply, and gave it on the spot to Mr. Buchanan.

The presence of Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, in Madrid, is held to be connected with French co-operation in Spanish warlike operations against Morocco. Pelissier's Spanish wife is the recipient of much attention at the Court of Isabella.

It is stated in some of the journals that General Serrano is to be appointed Captain-General of Cuba, in the room of General Concha, whose retirement has long been expected.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

The state of the island of Candia, where the Greek population resist the collection of a tax they deem incompatible with the late compromise, has become so precarious that the dispatch of military reinforcements has been resolved upon. The disturbed state of Mount Lebanon likewise continues. The Prussian Consul at Smyrna, a Jew, whose name has been often mentioned in connection with that of the late Prussian Premier, who was not very choice in the selection of his political instruments, and rewarded them by such appointments, has been suspended in consequence of a judicial investigation.

A special tribunal has been created to try forty or fifty persons, principally Circassians and Kurds, who were arrested on a charge of seditiously conspiring together.

INDIA AND CHINA.

THE REBELS.

The arrival of the Bombay Mail gives us little news of the rebels. If we may credit some letters that have been published in the Bengal papers, they are almost in a state of starvation. They prow about in bands of from fifty to 500, and are dispersed over the lower ranges south of Nepal. A letter from Rohilkund in the *Bengal Harkara* mentions that Balao Rao, brother to the Nana, Hurdut Singh, Talookdar of Bhowne, near Baraitch, and the Nawab of Nujeebabad have died from the effects of the climate, somewhere near Boonwal, where the Begum is. The Nana was suffering from fever. The Begum still held out.

A letter in the *Mofussile*, from Etawah, on the frontier of Goruckpore, states that "intelligence is regularly received at all the principal outposts of the remaining few of our late antagonists, the Pandies. They seldom, if ever, venture beyond the frontier. The only considerable body of them who appear at all disposed to be mischievous is commanded by two rascals called Bullie and Bulkurren Singh. Their gang of 600 is reported to be hanging about somewhere in the vicinity of Towleea, where the nature of the country would render a surprise on them at this season almost impracticable."

Several arrests have been made in Oude and Bareilly, and the prisoners are accused, some of having taken part in the massacre of Europeans during the mutiny, and others of attempting to seduce soldiers from their duty. Some of these rebels have been transported. One Reng Rao was sent by the Nana as an emissary to Hyderabad, where he was arrested and sentenced to death; but the Governor-General has commuted the sentence to transportation for life.

Most of the leading men among the rebels are falling into our hands. One or two have been induced to put an end to their lives by poison to avoid the risk of being caught. Sufferuz Khan, formerly a Pathan Ressaldar, in the employ of the Begum of Bhopal, adopted this plan when he found himself in a difficult position, and that nothing could avert his ultimate capture.

RMOURD DISAFFECTION IN THE PUNJAB.

A little before the festival of the Mohurram, the Punjab was in a state of excitement in consequence of some rumours, more or less exaggerated, regarding disaffection among the Mohammedans of Sealkote, Umritsur, Lahore, and Jullundur. A fakcer was first arrested in the Sealkote district with some treasonable papers in his possession. As this man appeared to be acting for others, the police were ordered to keep a sharp look out in all the towns where the Mohammedans mustered strong. It seems that those at Lahore were full of some nonsense about the birth of a new prophet, and expected that a revolution was at hand. This silly story was eagerly credited and canvassed by the religious section of the Lahore Mohammedans, and the sermons preached at the mosques referred to the advent of the prophet, and were calculated to unsettle men's minds. Seeing that mischief might be done by these mad fellows, it was considered advisable to make an example of some of the foolish talkers. Four persons were put on their trial, and they were punished by fines and imprisonment for a few months.

It is said that the 5th Madras Cavalry, chiefly composed of Mohammedans, threatened to create military disturbances at Hyderabad, similar to those that took place in the North-west Provinces, if the Government did not take from them the greased cartridges which were lately served out to them by mistake. Placards were put up in the public streets which showed that a movement was on foot for drawing the sword in defence of their religion, and killing all the Christians of the place. These facts give us a glimpse under the surface of Mohammedan political society.

INDIAN TROOPS FOR CHINA.

The *Bombay Gazette* of the 20th ult. says:—"To guard against any emergency that may arise the Hon. Mr. Bruce has applied to the Governor-General for troops; but where are they to come from? Having been presented with their discharge, about 10,000 men are at this moment on the point of leaving India. Two months ago no one thought there was any difficulty in settling the claims of the soldiers for bounty, created by their transfer to the service of the Crown. Lord Canning met the difficulty by giving them their discharge, conceiving, we fancy, that in this matter they would consult their own interests, and find it more to their advantage to remain in the service. Has it so turned out? Every day we hear of the withdrawal of large bodies of soldiers from their regiments, and the army itself is rapidly dissolving away. In the Bengal regiments 5800 men have taken their discharge, about 2300 are expected to embark from Madras, and 2100 from Bombay. About 500 discharged European soldiers arrived here on Sunday last from Mhow, by rail, and many are on their way to the Presidency from the various military cantonments in the interior. We were informed the other day that the ships *Contest*, *Hope*, *North*, *Nugget*, and *Herefordshire* have been chartered by Government for conveying the men to England; the first two vessels will sail in a few days with about 415 men on board each of them. This is a matter more important than on the surface it appears. It is indeed a lamentable fact that the British force in India is inadequate to the requirements of war. Soldiers cannot be manufactured in a few months, nor, when they are striplings at the time of enlistment, in a few years. But admitting that we are enlisting at double the rate of any previous year—admitting that we have done all that could be done to raise recruits, still there comes the question, 'How are we to replace European regiments of long Indian experience, and at once raise British troops seasoned and fit for the hardships of an Asiatic campaign?'"

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE CONFERENCE.

Advices received from Zurich announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna with instructions to draw up the instrument for the treaty of peace, and the documents for the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia. No allusion is made to the Duchies.

It is hoped that the treaty of peace will be signed in a few days.

THE DUCHIES.

The King of Sardinia has expressed his thanks to the people of Modena and Parma for the unanimity of their votes recorded for the annexation of their provinces to Piedmont, by which they had confirmed the wishes expressed by them eleven years ago to the King his father. His Majesty said, "I agree with the desires you have the mission to communicate to me; they are fresh manifestations of the national will, to save the country from the disastrous consequences of a foreign rule, and to erect a barrier which will ensure to our countrymen the possession of Italy for the Italians. The deputation will understand in what manner the King must proceed towards the accomplishment of the wishes of the Assemblies. Armed with the rights which I have acquired, I will support your cause before the great Powers, and especially before the French Emperor, who, while leading the victorious legions of France, was fighting for the independence of Italy. Europe has recognised the right of other nations to provide for their security by constituting a Government capable of defending their liberties and their independence. She will be neither less just nor less generous towards the Italian provinces. The votes which your Assemblies have recorded, and the numerous volunteers who have fought under the flag of Piedmont during the days of the late struggle, have proved that firmness is a tried virtue with the people of Modena and Parma. The speech of his Majesty concluded thus:—"Therefore I need not say to you, persevere; I will only congratulate you upon the order and the moderation of which you have given such brilliant examples, in order to prove to Europe that the Italians know how to govern themselves, and that they are worthy to be citizens of a free nation."

It is intimated that the Emperor Francis Joseph is ready to remove the greatest stumbling-block from the path of the negotiators at Zurich by withdrawing the demand, to which the stipulations of Villafranca entitle him, of a restoration of the Central Italian Princes. He will be content if France will only give security that the Central Italian States be not annexed to Sardinia. The responsibility of this statement rests with a Hamburg paper.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* hears that the knotty question of the Duchies is thus arranged. Tuscany is to be reigned over by King Leopold's second son, and Parma and Modena united under the Archduke Maximilian.

The Tuscan Government has notified to the plenipotentiaries of the Grand Duke to evacuate the Palace within three days; and, in case of non-compliance, the property of the Grand Duke is to be sequestered. This Government has raised Major-General Garibaldi to the rank of Lieutenant-General. The position of General Fanti and that of General Garibaldi have at last been definitively fixed. Under the title of Commander-in-Chief of the League, General Fanti unites the task of organising the army to a sort of general ministry of war for the different provinces; whilst Garibaldi, holding the chief command of the Modenese and Tuscan troops, is to be in reality in command of all the troops of the League—the first in line, notwithstanding his nominal title of second in command.

The *Corriere Mercantile* of the 17th says that the deputation from the Assembly of Bologna will be received by Victor Emmanuel on the 24th, at the town of Monza. What answer the King will return is the chief subject of discussion in Turin at the present moment. It is rumoured that the arrival of the deputation will be the signal for a simultaneous attack by the Duke of Modena, who is said to be in command of 10,000 men, and by the Papal troops, who are in force near Rimini.

THE CHINESE DISASTER.

The following is Admiral Hope's despatch to the Admiralty announcing the repulse of his squadron at the mouth of the Peiho:—

"*Chesapeake*, Gulf of Pechili, July 5.

"[Having on the 17th ult. arrived off the island of Sla-lui-tien, in the Gulf of Pechili, I proceeded on the following day to the mouth of the Peiho River, with the object of intimating to the local authorities the intended arrival of the Hon. Frederick Bruce, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, and Monsieur de Bourboulon, Minister of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, and of reconnoitring the existing state of the defences of the river. These last appeared to consist principally of the reconstruction, in earth, and in an improved form, of the works destroyed last year, strengthened by additional ditches and abatis, as well as an increased number of booms of a very much more formidable nature. Very few guns were seen, but a considerable number of embrasures were masked with matting, evidently with a view of concealing others.

"Having sent an officer on shore to communicate with the authorities, he was met by a guard, apparently of country people, who prevented him from landing, informed him that there were no officials nearer than Tien-Tsin; and, on his acquainting them with my wish that the obstructions at the mouth of the mouth of the river should be removed in order to enable the Ministers to proceed to Tien-Tsin, a promise was given that a commencement should be made for this purpose within the next forty-eight hours.

"On the following day I moved the whole of the squadron up to the anchorage off the mouth of the river, placing the gun-boats inside the bar. On proceeding to examine the entrance, on the 20th, and finding that nothing had been done towards removing the obstructions before referred to, I addressed a letter to the Tantai, at Tien-Tsin, acquainting him with the object of my arrival, and requesting free communication with the shore. To this an evasive answer was received two days subsequently.

"On the 21st I received a letter from Mr. Bruce, acquainting me that M. de Bourboulon and himself had come to the conclusion to place the matter in my hands, and requesting me to take any measures I might deem expedient for clearing away the obstructions in the river, so as to allow them to proceed at once to Tien-Tsin; in consequence of which I acquainted the Tantai, that the Ministers having arrived, and the obstructions still existing at the mouth of the river, I should proceed to remove them, using force if necessary, the responsibility of the consequences resting with those by whom I might be opposed. To this communication no reply was received; and, consequently, on the 24th I took the force inside the bar to prepare for operations, and gave further intimation that after eight o'clock in the evening, if I received no satisfactory reply, I should feel myself at liberty to take my own course.

"On the same night the parties named in the margin,* under the direction of Capt. G. O. Willes, cut one of the cables of the boom, and blew two away with powder. These last, however, were found reunited on the following day, the supporting legs of wood to which they were cross-lashed being probably moored head and stern. Captain Willes availed himself of this opportunity to examine closely the construction of the inner boom, and he found it to consist of large baulks, well cross-lashed together, forming a mass of timber not less than 120 feet wide, and about three feet in depth. The opening shown in the plan might have admitted of the passage of a gun-boat, but the strength of the current would at any time have rendered such a passage a matter of exceeding difficulty and doubt. Under these circumstances it was clear that no other mode of attack was left open to me, except that on the front of the works, and a subsequent endeavour to carry them by storm, should I succeed in silencing their fire.

"The morning of the 25th was occupied in placing the vessels in
* *Chesapeake*—Lieut. J. C. Wilson, Mr. R. S. Broom (gunner), and six seamen. *Magicienne*—Mr. F. W. Egerton (acting mate), and six seamen. *Cruiser*—Mr. W. Hartland (boatswain), and six seamen.

position, the *Starling*, *Janus*, *Plover* (flag), *Cormorant*, *Lee*, *Kestrel*, and *Butterfly* being on a line parallel to the works on the South Fort, and the *Nimrod* in the rear of the line, with her fire bearing on the North Fort. The *Opossum*, under Captain Willes, was placed in advance, close up to the stakes, and the *Forster* and the *Haughty* in reserve, in rear of the line, the former having directions to move up into the *Plover's* position, should that vessel advance in support of the *Opossum*.

The vessels on the right were under the direction of Captain C. F. A. Shadwell; those on the left under Captain N. Vansittart. The strength of the tide and the narrowness of the channel (about 200 yards) had rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty to take up the position above detailed; and the *Butterfly* and the *Starling*, the vessels on the extreme right and left of the line, had both taken the ground, the former, however, in a good position, the latter in one which incapacitated her from taking much share in the action.

At 2 p.m. I directed the *Opossum* to open a passage through the first barrier, which being effected by 2.30, she moved up to the second barrier, supported by the *Plover*, closely followed by the *Lee* and *Haughty*, which vessels I ordered in for that purpose.

On the arrival of the *Opossum* at the second barrier the forts opened a simultaneous fire of not less than between thirty and forty guns, of calibres from 32-pounders to 8-inches, on which I directed the ships to engage. The *Plover* took up a position close to the barrier; the *Opossum*, *Lee*, and *Haughty*, in succession, astern of her.

At 3 p.m. finding that the ships inside the barrier, especially the *Plover* and *Opossum*, were becoming disabled by the enemy's fire, they were dropped out into fresh positions outside of it, where, having received assistance in men, they renewed the action.

In consequence of the *Plover's* disabled state, I shifted my flag to the *Cormorant*; and at 4.20 a severe wound I had received about an hour previously compelled me to call Capt. Shadwell on board the *Cormorant*, and intrust to him the more immediate command of the squadron.

At 5.40 the *Kestrel* sank in her position; and it became necessary to put the *Lee* on the ground to avoid the like result.

At 6.30 the fire from the north forts ceased altogether, and half-an-hour later that on the south side was silenced, with the exception of that proceeding from one gun in the outer or south bastion, one in the curtain on each side of it, and one in the flank of the centre bastion, also one in the detached fort to the south.

At 7.20 a landing was effected opposite the outer bastion of the South Fort, the portion which appeared most injured by the fire of the squadron, and where the attack could be best supported by the guns of the vessels. The force consisted of a detachment of Sappers and Miners, under Major Fisher, Royal Engineers; a brigade of Marines, under Col. Thomas Lemon; a division of seamen, under Capt. Vansittart, assisted by Commanders John E. Commerell and W. A. J. Heath, the whole under Capt. Shadwell's direction, accompanied by a small detachment of French seamen, under the command of Commandant Tricault. They were encountered by a heavy fire proceeding from those guns I have already named as not completely silenced, as well as from jingalls and rifles; but, notwithstanding these and other serious obstacles presented by the character of the ground to be crossed, and the nature of the defences, 150 officers and men having reached the second ditch, and about fifty having arrived close under the walls, had the opposition they experienced being that usual in Chinese warfare, there is little doubt that the place would have been successfully carried at the point of the bayonet.

Captains Shadwell and Vansittart and Colonel Lemon, R.M., having been disabled in the advance, the command in front devolved on Commander Commerell, who, after consultation with Majors Fisher, R.E., and Richard Parke, R.M., and Commandant Tricault, having reported to Captain Shadwell that they could hold their present position, but that it was impossible to storm without reinforcements, received from that officer the order to retire. This operation was effected with a deliberation and coolness equal to the gallantry of the advance, under cover of the night, which had now closed in, the force being sent down to the boats by detachments, carrying the wounded with them, and eventually the whole were brought off by 1.30 a.m. of the 20th, Commanders Commerell and Heath being the last on shore.

I have already stated that the *Lee* and *Kestrel* had sunk in their positions from the effect of the enemy's fire; and I regret to add that, in proceeding down the river after the termination of the action, the *Plover* was grounded within range of the forts, and the *Cormorant*, in endeavouring to remove, was also found to have taken the ground. Under these circumstances I desired the officers and men to be removed from them for the time, in order to obviate the loss which might occur, should the enemy be enabled to reopen their fire.

The *Kestrel*, I am happy to say, has since been recovered; but, notwithstanding every exertion was subsequently made, under the direction of Capt. Willes, to recover the three other vessels, the *Plover* and *Lee* proved to be so hopelessly aground that it was impossible to move them; while the *Cormorant*, which got afloat comparatively uninjured on the night of the 27th, was again unfortunately grounded, within range of the forts, on moving down; and on the following day such a heavy fire was opened on her, that although again afloat, she sank at her anchors, and the officers and men employed in removing her were withdrawn as she went down.

The fire of the enemy being remarkably well directed and sustained, occasioned the squadron considerable loss, amounting to 25 officers and men killed, and 93 wounded, of which 90 are slight. In the subsequent attack on shore 64 officers and men were killed, and 252 wounded, of which 90 are slight.

The Admiral then makes honourable mention of those who most distinguished themselves. "Their Lordships," he says, "will be well able to appreciate the devoted gallantry displayed by the officers and men on this occasion; and, although it has not pleased God to crown our efforts in the execution of our duty with success, I yet feel entire confidence that those efforts will obtain from their Lordships that full measure of approbation they have so well deserved."

A China paper gives currency to a rumour that, after the disastrous affair at Taku, Admiral Hope attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented by his officers, by whom he is beloved for his urbanity and kindly disposition.

Some of the wounds inflicted on our men at the late attack at the Peiho are said to have been caused by the Minie balls.

It is stated that the Russians recently purchased an immense tract of territory on the Amoor from the Chinese, which they paid for partly with munitions of war and 700 cannons.

During the engagement explosions of magazines followed each other in quick succession within the forts, showing the strength and accuracy of our fire, and must have caused immense carnage among the enemy, as those forts were at the time crammed with Mongol sharpshooters.

Captain Vansittart's leg had been amputated below the knee, and it was feared another amputation would be absolutely necessary.

It is stated that the coastguard have been called on to volunteer for the ships fitting out for China.

An officer who was at Taku states that he had a narrow escape. He was working a howitzer when a ball carried away his watch and chain.

The *Indépendance* asserts that England lately proposed through Lord Cowley to supply ships to take out a French force to China, and that the offer either has been or will be declined, the French Government being very glad to take the present opportunity of finding employment for some of the many vessels which it has recently built. Five or six large transports are to be immediately placed at the service of the Chinese expedition. "It is not thought that the troops to be sent out will be more than a brigade (five or six thousand men)."

The first of the British squadron intended for service against the Chinese, the screw steam gun-vessel *Plover*, 6, Commander Reilly, left Plymouth for her destination on Wednesday morning; she will touch at Madeira. The *Plover* was put in commission for service on

At this time Lieut. Rason, of the *Plover*, was killed, and placed Lieut. George A. Douglas, my Flag Lieutenant, in temporary command of her.

the west coast of Africa, but, having received counter-instructions from the Admiralty, was got ready within twenty-four hours for her present duty. Three or four gun-boats are also under orders for China; and it is reported at Plymouth that the *Cassiope*, *James Watt*, and *Agamemnon* will convey troops to Alexandria for the overland route to China.

The French Admiral commanding in Cochin China has concluded a treaty with the Anamese, and will probably start with his fleet to China.

A NEW AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

ANOTHER boundary-question excitement has arisen through the occupation of the island of San Juan by the troops of the United States, and their refusal to leave when requested by Governor Douglas, the British representative at Vancouver's Island, who claims the island as belonging to England. The position of the island is thus described:—"It lies north-westerly from the entrance to Puget Sound and the main land of Washington Territory, near Port Townsend. The sheet of water which separates it from the main land on the W. T. side is called the Strait of Fuca. In sailing across Puget Sound, San Juan appears to be part of Vancouver's Island, so narrow is the channel where San Juan intervenes. By proximity it naturally belongs to the British, but it is claimed as belonging to the United States by the treaty, being south of the 49th degree. The channel is the gate to the Gulf of Georgia, Fraser River, and British Columbia—and hence its importance to the British possessions in that quarter. The only deviation in the line of 49 is that which gives Vancouver's Island to the British." In another description we read:—"As to the island of San Juan itself, apart from the 'principle' involved, it is not worth making a very great ado about. It is some seventy thousand acres in extent, and covered, for the most part, with fine grass. The disputed ownership has its origin in the vague wording of the Oregon Treaty, which provides that the dividing line separating the territories of the two countries shall 'run westward with the 49th parallel to the middle of the Gulf of Georgia, thence southward with the main channel to the Straits of Fuca, and through the middle of those straits to the ocean.' It now turns out, however, that there are two 'main channels,' the Rosario Straits and the Canal de Haro; and, though the former is the one chiefly used by vessels going to Fraser River, the latter is the wider. Between them lie a number of islands, the chief of which is San Juan. The British claim that the Rosario Strait is the 'main channel' referred to by the treaty, and, if this be conceded, it will give them possession of the intermediate islands. But the American Commissioners contend that, as the Canal de Haro is the widest, so it is necessarily the 'main channel,' and by this rendering of the treaty the islands in dispute become American territory. This is the case as it stands."

Early in July it was understood that either the United States or the English would take military possession; but a detachment of the United States' troops, numbering between forty and fifty, were first on the ground. Some weeks before General Harney paid a visit to Victoria, and was received by the British garrison with a salute. He stayed there but four-and-twenty hours, and a few days after his departure the island was taken possession of by a portion of General Harney's forces, and a proclamation was issued by the commander of the detachment, the last clause of which claimed the island as United States' property. The British authorities, it is said, were anxious to avoid a collision, and were in favour of a joint military occupation of the island until orders should be received from their respective Governments, but General Harney rejected the proposal on his own responsibility. A British war-vessel arrived from Fraser River with some sappers and miners, whose landing was refused by the U.S. commander. Governor Douglas issued a protest against the occupation of the island by the Americans, and declared it to belong to her Majesty Queen Victoria. He also sent a message to the Vancouver Legislative Assembly, in which it was declared that the British forces would be landed on the island. Governor Douglas also sent a message on the subject to the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Vancouver's Island, in which he declared his belief that this unwarrantable and discourteous act had originated in error, and been undertaken without the authority of that Government. He also stated that immediately on being informed of the landing of United States' troops at San Juan, her Majesty's ship *Tribune* was dispatched to that quarter, and soon after a detachment of Royal Engineers, and Royal Marine Light Infantry, were ordered from New Westminster, by her Majesty's ship *Plumper*, and these troops would be landed at San Juan to protect the lives and property of British subjects. Entertaining the opinion that the seizure of the islands would not be maintained by the United States Government, he had impressed upon her Majesty's naval officers stationed at San Juan the desire of her Majesty's Government to avoid every course which might unnecessarily involve the suspension of the amicable relations subsisting between Great Britain and the United States; at the same time, those officers had been instructed and were prepared to assert the rights and maintain the honour and dignity of our Sovereign and her dominions.

The correspondence of the *San Francisco Times* at Victoria states that, soon after the receipt of the announcement of the occupation, "vessels for the conveyance of passengers to the seat of war were in demand. Small boats were chartered for the trip, and several steamboats departed with visitors, both English and American, to the island of San Juan, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from this place. Two of the English vessels of war from Esquimaux harbour had gone over on the first reception of the news. Most of those who went to the island did so, perhaps, through curiosity; but others, no doubt, went determined to lend a hand to their respective countries, if their services were needed. In the harbour of San Juan were found, besides several British men-of-war, the United States' ships *Massachusetts*, *Shenbrot*, and a revenue cutter from Puget Sound. A company of American soldiers, to the number of forty or fifty, had taken possession of the island. A small company or two from Fort Bellingham have been added to the American forces, and a number of Americans have gone from this place and Washington Territory, with the avowed intention of settling at San Juan. A British vessel of war brought down some sappers and miners from Fraser River a few days since, and renewed the request to land their forces, but were refused. They had not landed at the last accounts, and matters remained in statu quo."

The belligerent parties have both means at hand for aggressive measures, four vessels of war representing the Government of the United States, and three that of Great Britain.

By later advices we learn that General Harney, on the 9th ult., ordered four companies of Artillery from Fort Washington, to reinforce Captain Pickett, who still occupied San Juan. There was a doubtful rumour that the British steamer *Satellite* had attacked the island and killed thirty Americans. Upon the whole there is no fear of a rupture. A British man-of-war had arrived at San Francisco from Vancouver's Island, supposed to have despatches for England concerning the dispute.

THE APPEAL OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

THE following is the text of the address which the Circassian deputation at Constantinople lately presented to the Grand Vizier, and to the representatives of England, France, Austria, and the United States in that city:—

During thirty years, Russia has been carrying on a wicked and atrocious war, for which she can never be pardoned, against a people who have always been free, independent, and great. She has obliged that people to defend themselves in their mountains, and to displace incessantly their homes; she has prevented security from being established amongst them, and has caused the warrior who exposes his life for liberty to tremble for the lives of his wife and children. A few years ago, a treaty of pacification, of which we have obtained information, was imposed by the force of the magnificent warriors of the West on the great Northern Power. We have heard it said that by the will of the victorious sea which bathes the mountains of our dear country has been delivered, and that commerce, which makes nations wealthy and friendly with each other, can be carried on freely. We have rejoiced at this, because all the chiefs of our beloved country have always taught us to offer to strangers generous hospitality, and guarantees for commerce and for what they possess amongst us. But the fact is, that

even after the aggressor, humiliated in war, was obliged to swear not any longer to violate our sea, our ports have been closed and surrounded, and that the resources we obtained by navigation have been lost; and yet the justice of men has not been awakened. The northern invader has also resumed with greater violence the combats in which our fathers gained distinction; and at the present moment our last remaining warriors are supporting an unequal conflict, in which the sword exterminates, without vanquishing us. We, who belong to their phalanx and are the first amongst our brethren of Circassia, are determined to support the war, in presence of our children, until the last man be struck down; and yet we, from love of peace, raise our last cry to the nations of the West, who are just, and who are the children of liberty. God orders that these chosen nations whom he has preferred shall learn that Circassia, glorious in spite of its misery, demands a truce which will give her repose, but she is ready if she be disregarded to bury herself in the tomb of her hopes! For the Circassian there will never be repose in the hands of Russia. (Here follow 250 signatures, and the address continues.) Being 250 in number, all chiefs experienced in combats, we have weighed before God the words we carry to strangers, and we have each of us sealed them with our inviolable mark that they may appear as the language of the country.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAUCASUS.

PRINCE BARIATINSKI, the Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasian armies, who has lately had such honours heaped upon him by his Imperial master, has indeed reason to congratulate himself. For many years Russia has waged a terrible war against the mountaineers of the Caucasus, a war in which little honour has been gained to the Muscovite, and much blood has been spilled on both sides. Hitherto that terrible foe to the aggressor, the prophet and chieftain Schamyl, has opposed, more or less successfully, the most famous of the Russian Generals, destroying their armies in detail by a system of rapid forays, then retreating to the fortresses of the hills, secure from all pursuit.

But Schamyl has at last been forced to surrender to the victorious troops of Prince Bariatsinski; his mountain home "no longer knoweth him;" his brave followers are either captive or dead, while the famous chieftain himself is probably on his way to St. Petersburg, to be placed *à la disposition de la Majesté*.

But the triumph of the Muscovite is not wholly one. Treachery has acted a part, and not the least important, in the capture of Schamyl. We learn in a letter from the Russian capital that "his own people had forsaken him; that the inhabitants had turned their arms against him, while they had despoiled him of his goods and treasure." Thus dogged about by those for whose liberties he had fought so valiantly, supported only by some few faithful friends, is it a wonder that he should at last succumb?

Some time back, when Prince Bariatsinski was sent to the Caucasus as the Emperor's Lieutenant, he was accompanied by an artist whose sketches have on more than one occasion been reproduced in this Journal. We this week publish three Engravings from drawings made by that gentleman during his journey with the Prince, the incidents of which are thus described in his notebook:—

It must not be supposed that a cortège at Tiflis is organised and conducted in the same elaborate fashion as in Europe. There are no lines of soldiery to keep back the crowd, no mounted policemen to ride down the mob, no interdiction to the circulation of carriages. Through the dense mass of people incumbering the streets the head of the procession, consisting of a brilliant squadron of Georgian Princes, forced its way. A short distance in the rear of these came the Namestrick (the Prince), superbly mounted, accompanied by Prince Béboutoff and his Staff, together with a crowd of Generals and officers of every grade. The rear was brought up by some troops of Cossacks of the Don, and by a party of Cossacks of the Line, the special escort of the Emperor's Lieutenant, and who, from the splendour of their accoutrements, resembled rather a crowd of princely chieftains than a simple body-guard.

The roofs of the houses were covered with women dressed in the elegant and picturesque costume usually worn by the fair of Georgia. The way in which the balconies were crammed made one fear for some terrible accident, especially as most of them would have been reported unsafe by a competent surveyor. As the procession advanced the enthusiasm of the spectators became immense, scarfs were waved in the air, powerful lungs shouted out their cry of welcome; in fact, the entire population gave way to a frantic excitement highly indecorous in an Eastern people, and those mostly Mohammedans. At the moment the Namestrick placed foot upon the bridge crossing the Koura the cannon from the citadel thundered forth with fiery tongue their salute to the representative of the Emperor. For a moment I fancied myself borne away on a whirlwind; the horses, till then with difficulty held in, now started off at full gallop, frightened by the crashing of the artillery. The number of people I must have rode over during our mad career across the bridge, and how I kept my head above the rushing torrent, I am unable to say, and am only aware that our course was eventually stopped in front of the Cathedral, where Prince Bariatsinski was received by the various authorities, and where he paused to return thanks for his safe arrival in the city.

This ceremony terminated, the cortège resumed its march, but in somewhat better order, and at a more seemly pace. However, on coming out of the Cathedral I missed the Cossack to whom I had intrusted the custody of my horse, and another Cossack, noticing my embarrassment, immediately dismounted, and, bringing forward his own shaggy pony, placed it at my disposition, and I was thus enabled to regain my place in the procession.

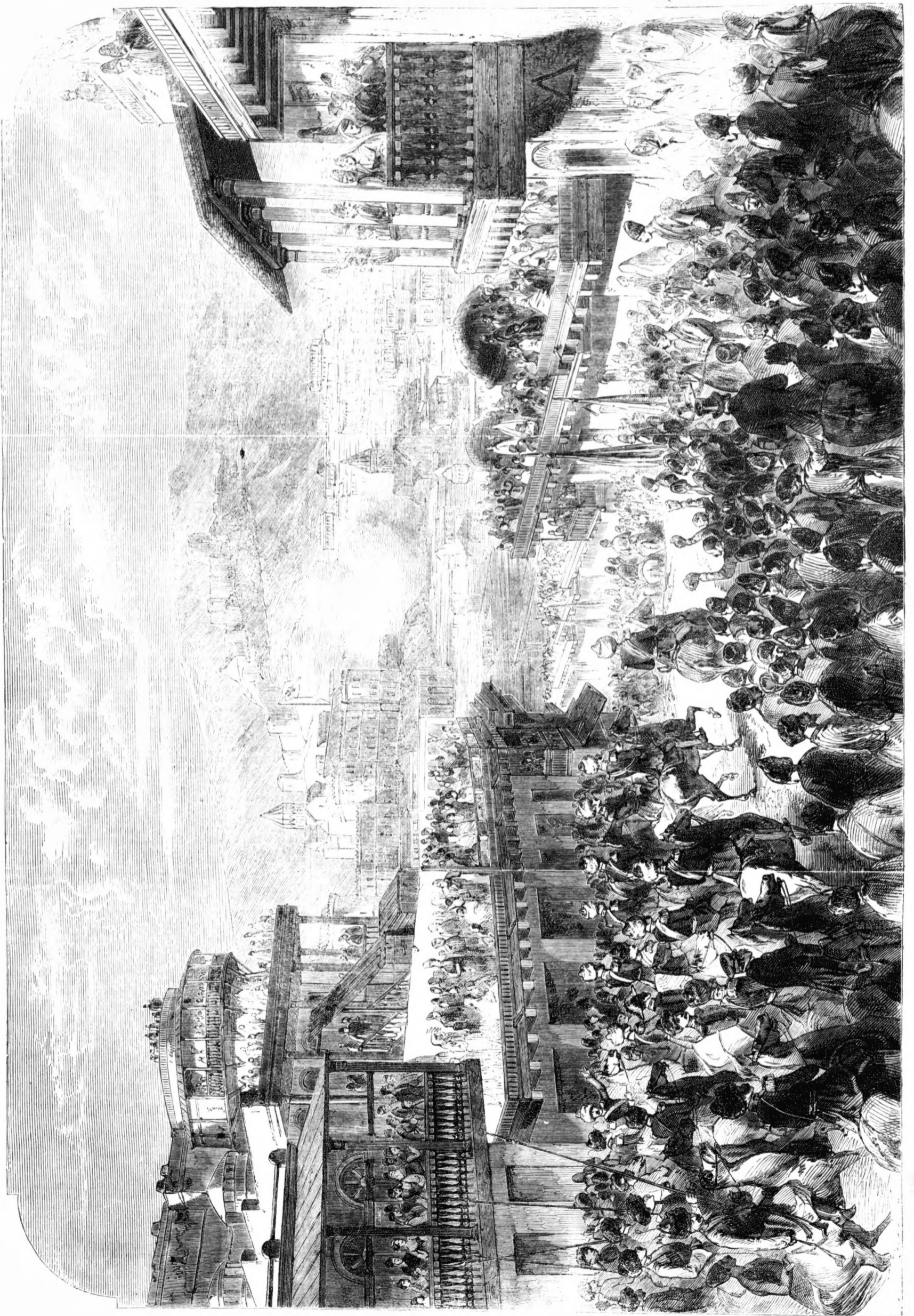
We were now passing through the ancient Georgian portion of the city, where, if anything, the crowd was more compact than it had been on the opposite side of the bridge. We soon, however, reached a vast open space, known as the Square of Erivan, in the midst of which rose the theatre, a handsome building. We now found ourselves in the Russian quarter of the town, which, for agricultural pretension, considerably eclipsed the native portion; a few minutes more brought us to the palace of the Viceroy, where the Prince and his suite dismounted.

This busy day was brought to a close by a grand banquet given in the spacious saloons of the palace. As we were about to take our places at the table the sounds of the 'doudouky' and 'dmipitipito' were heard in the courtyard—not a single doudouky and a dmipitipito, but a complete orchestra of them, the only objection being that each musician played what he liked. We all of us ran to the balcony, and there witnessed one of the most extraordinary sights possible. Before us was a heaving sea of fire, for every one in the dense crowd assembled bore a lighted taper in his hand.

It was a demonstration made by the different trades in honour of the Emperor's Lieutenant, each corporation was there with their music and banners, and, as I have already said, every member bearing a lighted taper in his hand. In turn a circle was formed by each body, and two of the most graceful and agile of the fraternity would step into the open space and execute the national dances of Georgia, such as the lekouri or lequinska.

A few days after the Prince's arrival in Tiflis a ball was given by the Circassian nobles in the spacious saloons of the Gymnasium. One of the rooms was converted into a *darbar* or Persian chamber; the walls were hung with draperies of the most brilliant colours, while on a shelf running round the four sides were arranged various beautiful nick-nackeries, such as vases, narghilies, kalfanes, &c. In one corner of the room was a Persian orchestra, composed of three musicians, squatted on the ground, placed there to accompany the dancers, as this chamber was set apart for the national dances of the country.

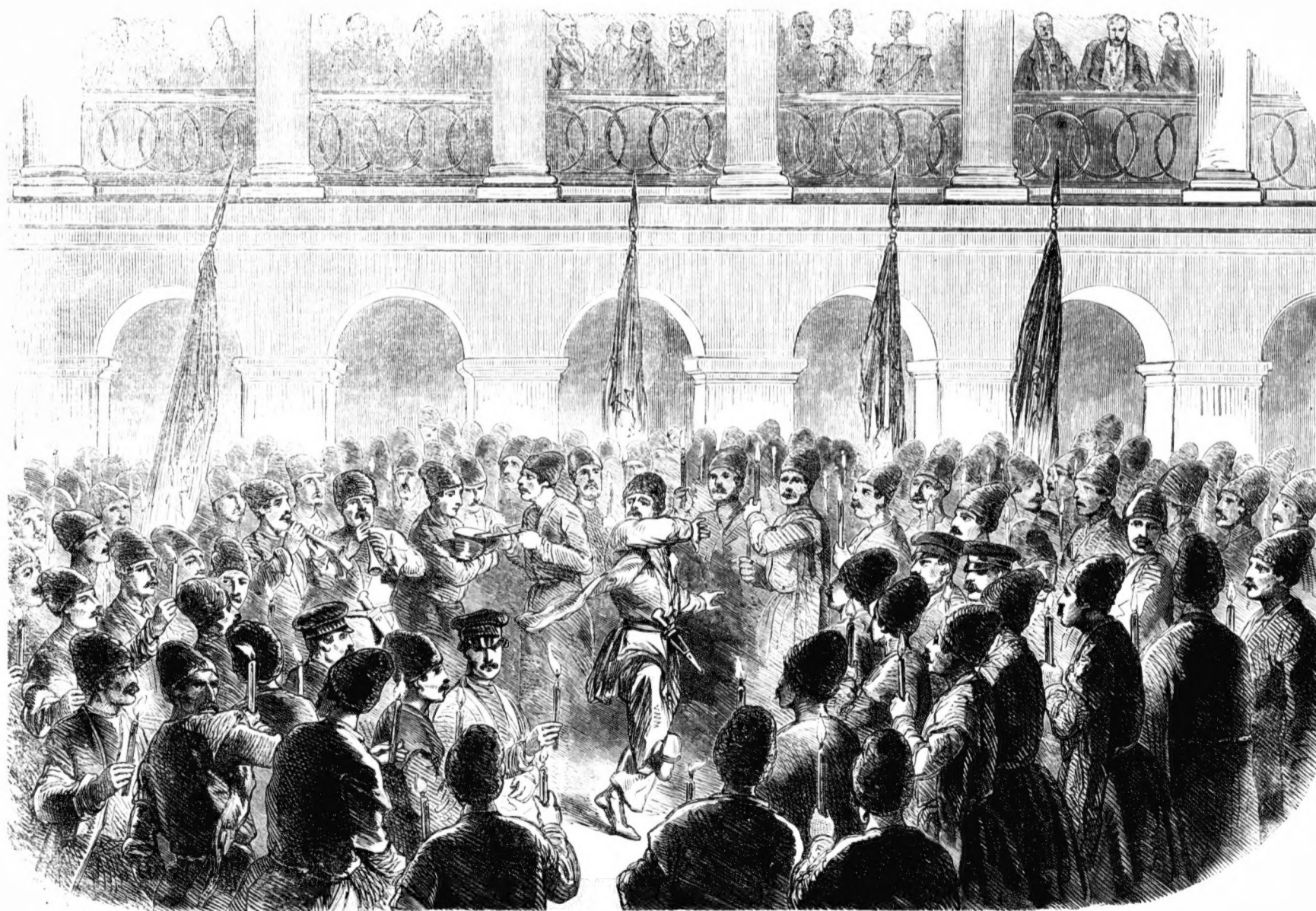
Of course this room became the great attraction to most of us, nor were we to be disappointed, as the result proved. A party of graceful Georgian women formed themselves into a half circle in front of the musicians; one of them advanced into the open space and commenced one of those animated dances of which the subject is eternally the same—say for instance a shepherdess pursued by a shepherd whom she is only too anxious should catch her. However, the movements are full of grace, and there is nothing offensive in them, as frequently is the case in Oriental dances. The spectators, following the custom in Georgia, kept time with the orchestra by gently beating their hands together. The evening's entertainment was concluded by a brilliant pyrotechnical display and a grand supper, to which 500 guests sat down.



PRINCE BARIATINSKY'S ENTRY INTO TIFLIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. BLANCHARD.



A FASHIONABLE BALL AT TIFLIS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. BLANCHARD.)



DEMONSTRATION BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VARIOUS TRADES AT TIFLIS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. BLANCHARD.)

IRELAND.

As soon as the news arrived at Malta of Admiral Hope's repulse by the Chinese nearly every officer of the Mediterranean fleet applied to the Admiral to volunteer to China if the Admiralty would permit it.

Literature.

Twenty Years in the Church. An Autobiography. By the Rev. JAMES PYCROFT, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Author of "Recollections of College Days," &c. London: Booth.

This is a volume of four hundred and odd pages, in which the Rev. Henry Austin relates his history, from his childhood up through his school days, college days, poor-curate days, and struggles with fate in general, to a position of comfort, with his wife and family. Perhaps it was suggested by the "Struggles for Life" of a Dissenting Minister, published some years ago, with a good deal of class success. There is plenty in it which bears the stamp of reality, and it would have been a weighty book if the author had been less discursive, and less influenced either by natural vanity and flippancy or by the study of bad models. The author holds briefs for no particular opinions. Clergymen are underpaid; they don't know how to read; they don't address the ignorant, as they should do, upon the pound-text principle; Tractarians are, some of them, "earnest" men, and some of them fops; the Church of England is still worthy to command the *eterna perpetua* of the wise and good—and so forth. These are prominent topics in Mr. Pycroft's book. But pervading the whole there are two favourite ideas, seldom long lost sight of—one, that we want better mothers before we can have better men; the other, that clergymen are like other people, when they put off their canonicals, and dandle baby, or look over the bills. This last is wholesome, and will bear repetition; and there is no doubt good mothers tend to make good men.

There is, also, in Mr. Pycroft's pleasant and suggestive book a strong flavour of muscular Christianity, with which we do not quarrel—every man to his taste—and Mr. Kingsley has done a world of good by showing that a man may use the dumbbells without despising the churchgoing bells, and cultivate his briefs without slighting (all) the beatitudes. But the rod figures so unnecessarily in all this secondhand muscular writing as to become quite an offence. What force, sufficient to compensate for its ugliness, is there in using as a simile a flogging of old Keats, of Eton, which caused the boy half-a-day's labour to pick out the bits of birch? It is in very, very bad taste, Mr. Pycroft.

This "autobiography" is so full of amusing anecdotes that we scarcely know where to pick them, but we will venture on a few:—

A HAPPY RELEASE.

"I can tell you that, as to widows, I have learnt of late to hold my sympathies a little better in hand. There was our squire's wife at my first parish, who kept me in a painfully melting mood for a whole week, and, after all, it turned out to be only what they call "a happy release." Literally, at the end of ten months, old Davy, our clerk, came to me one morning and said, "Please, sir, you are wanted. Our lady is coming after a licence."

"A licence!" I replied, astonished: "a certificate of her husband's death you mean."

"No, sir, I do not," said Davy: "'tis a licence. And 'tis the captain who came so regularly for the shooting in the squire's life-time; and they won't wait no longer to please any one, says my lady's maid."

A sick sexton rises from his bed to settle a dispute about a grave:—

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

This he said standing by an open grave, and using no little eloquence to persuade Farmer Woollen that the grave opened for Betsy Small was the Small's, and nothing near the Woollen's grave. This Woollen denied, and stoutly maintained that his father's bones were those thus ruthlessly disturbed. He even handled a thigh bone with much filial indignation; and, though the said bone might have belonged to any other body, still, as they say "seeing is believing," it carried weight with the crowd.

How was I to settle the dispute? To tell the truth I knit my brows with concentrated essence of thought as I approached the grave, ambitious, by remarking sex of skeleton, or apparent age, or time of burial, to show the superior wisdom of the Church. But all in vain. Nothing could I make out of it, still less stop the quarrel.

Words waxed warmer. The farmer laid down the law with his supposed paternal thigh bone, and Simon found that numbers were taking part against him: for anything so demonstrative as this bone seemed he sought in vain on his side. At last Simon was well-nigh condemned to fill up the Woollen grave, to replace the scattered bones, and hide his diminished head as a false pretender to all mortuary lore, when all of a sudden a bright thought flashed from beneath Simon's beetling brows.

"I'll soon tell ye," he cried out: "I'll show ye—every mother's son of ye—a set of gaping, stupid, nasty, make-believe chaps, to think to talk to such as me!" he said, groping among the mould at every epithet. "But, I say, I'll let ye see. There!" holding up a bit of the coffin, "what d'ye call that? Oak—oak—Farmer Woollen! this be oak!" Still, I could not see the logic of the matter. "Yes, oak! Now your father was buried by the parish," he said, with a sarcastic thump in the ribs, "and we all knows they don't give oak. This ain't no grave of yourn."

This turned the tide of popular opinion in a moment. Farmer Woollen was crest-fallen and Simon was triumphant, and so happy in the victory that I had some trouble to make him go home and take care of himself.

One character in the book, the kind old aunt, is sketched with real power, and there is true knowledge of human nature in the manner in which that dear old lady's conduct is estimated. For ourselves, we think, in all sincerity, the lesson conveyed on pages 266 and 267 is worth many times the price of the volume; but, like all the wise, tender things, it cannot be "caught" in its full force without a certain experience of life, which ought, of itself to teach the lesson. But passages such as these make us regret very deeply that Mr. Pycroft has not taken more pains with his work, and concentrated his energies more upon single points. In his happiest manner of digression is the following:—

ANOTHER "VOICE."

We have often heard of the voice of conscience, of a voice from within, a voice from without, and even a voice from the tomb, and all kinds of voices; but the most admonitory and the most soul-stirring voice of all is—the voice from the cradle. How often have the quarrelsome, ill-matched pair felt reproved and brought back to sober reason by the crowing of their common offspring! How often has the worn-out victim of this "world's scorn and the proud man's contumely" changed his desperate resolution, and resolved to keep his temper and endure once more, by that mute appeal of his infant's helpless state! How often have I, when my nerves were fretted and my whole heart was sick with toil and weariness, felt it impossible to stop, and that I must indeed do or die, because the voice from the cradle pierced me to the very soul!

All who have either to write for the vulgar or to speak to the vulgar will thank Mr. Pycroft for the passage we are going to quote.

THE DULL ARE HALF DEAD.

Another observation about Norlands was, that the poor are hard of hearing, and comparatively deaf, as also slow of hearing or of receiving strong impressions. The Barrister knows this, and the Dissenter knows it, and both adopt a style to suit their dull and sleepy nature. They are lucid and energetic—they limit themselves to a few and striking topics—they are not afraid of putting the same fact in an almost tedious variety of ways.

"Suppose, I say"—this is the remark of an intelligent Dissenter—"My brethren, 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Honest John says to himself, 'What's that? I wasn't quite listening: let us hear that again.' Well, soon it comes a second time, and he thinks 'Very well; now I like that, as much as I can catch of it.' In a minute or two it comes a third time, and he can say both parts of the text over to himself. Then I divide it into two parts and pound away with, first: 'The heart is deceitful,' with a remark or two, and an appeal to John's own experience. After that I tell the story of David, and how Nathan made David feel the deceitfulness of his heart; for David had overlooked in himself the very sin he so heartily condemned in another. John remembers that story, and tells it again at the style or the almshouse as he goes home. I end with pounding away that the heart is also desperately wicked, and remind John of murders, and lying, and cheating, and swearing, all signs of a wicked heart; and then I wind up by saying, 'Who can alone make the heart less deceitful and less wicked, and who alone can blot out of God's book all the deceit and lying, and all sin and wickedness now written so black against us?'

"Now, sir," he continued, "pardon me; but in one of your sermons you will say ten times as much, but not give John time to swallow and not a chance of digesting any one thing that you tell him. You think it is not like a scholar to use many words; but remember, the barrister does not think so; he uses more words or few, according as he addresses a common jury of farmers or a special jury of educated men. Nay more, if you hear the same barrister arguing before the judges, he seems almost independent of all rules of speech. Reference to well-known cases and brief suggestions convey as much as a long argument."

The chief lesson of this story of a clergyman's career is put in the last paragraph, and it is as good for laymen as for clerics:—

RUSTICUS EXPECTATI!

The idea of being settled and free from distractions in the path of duty is a vain dream and expectation—that the quiet little retired imagination pictures, wherever the distant spire rises above some lofty chime, is not too quiet to have cares and anxieties peculiarly its own—and that we all strive manfully against those little ties and greater hindrances from which, in some form or other, we never can be free. And, as to looking for a more convenient season, and waiting till we are "settled," to perform our several parts in this life, it is like waiting till the river shall have passed away; for a man never is "settled" in this world till he is settled at the bottom of his grave.

It is unexceptionable teaching. Drive your work, or it will drive you. Do the thing that lies next if you would see your way to do greater. A fool's to-morrow never flowers.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Third Edition, much enlarged. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

This new edition of a pleasant book is so much enlarged that it "might, in fact, almost have been issued as a new work." It is got up very nicely, and is dedicated to Lord Dalhousie. The anecdotes are put under five heads—Religious Feelings and Observances, Old Scottish Conviviality, the Old Scottish Domestic Servant, the Scottish Language and Dialect, including Scottish Proverbs, and, lastly and rather vaguely, Scottish Stories of Wit and Humour—a heading which might, by a not too rigid classifier, be thought to include all the previous ones. Such a scheme of topics reminds one of Dr. Watts's example of an imperfect division, given in his Logic, namely, the division of animals into birds, bears, beasts, and oysters.

We hate a bastard cosmopolitanism, and we love nationality; but, somehow, national egotism is very disagreeable, especially when it comes close home. But besides that, one miserable, almost intolerable, fatality attends all collections of anecdotes and witticisms of what kind soever—namely, that you are sure to have read them nearly all before; and not only so, but to have read them under circumstances which throw a doubt upon the genuineness of the nationality. It is a wise jest that knows its own kin and kin. A funny story is like a pretty tune. It goes to and fro upon the earth like Satan, and takes up costume and country at will. There are anecdotes in this volume which we have seen in almost every dialect under the sun. For instance, the anecdote about David and all men being liars, and we would almost defy any man to say which dialect suited best the humour of the story. All that is wanted is that the speaker should be phlegmatic, and, to be sure, if he were a Frenchman or an Irishman, the joke would want turning round a bit. This is the story, with another before it:—

PARENTHETICAL PREACHING.

An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, and very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but in fact to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, "O man, will ye sit down, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's done." This same Mr. Shirra was well known from his quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture, as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David, an' ye had been 'i this parish ye might hae said it at your leisure."

Now and then the Dean rather vexes us by finding out beauties which are invisible. "What a rich expression," says he (page 139), "is *waile o' weigs*! In English what is it? A choice of perukes. There is nothing in the English comparable to the *waile o' weigs*." Really? Sometimes, too, as was to be expected, the jokes are downright bad. For instance:—

The late Lord Airlie remarking to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season, "Indeed, my Lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's out a' thegither."

A very cheap sort of joke, indeed. Of the same fashion, but better, was Shelley's account of the weather to Mrs. Gisborne:—"We have had an epic of cold, with an episode of rain, and a few similes concerning fine weather."

Scottish conviviality furnishes some very good stories:—

DRINKING CAPACITY.

Lord Cockburn was fond of describing a circuit scene at Stirling, in his early days at the Bar, under the presidency of his uncle, Lord Hermand. After the circuit dinner, and when drinking had gone on for some time, young Cockburn observed places becoming vacant in the social circle, but no one going out at the door. He found that the individuals had dropped down under the table. He took the hint, and by this ruse retired from the scene. He lay quiet till the beams of the morning sun penetrated the apartment. The judge and some of his staunch friends coolly walked up stairs, washed their hands and faces, came down to breakfast, and went into court quite fresh and fit for work. The feeling of importance frequently attached to powers of drinking was formally attested by a well-known western baronet of convivial habits and convivial memory. He was desirous of bearing testimony to the probity, honour, and other high moral qualities of a friend whom he desired to commend. Having fully stated these claims to consideration and respect, he deemed it proper to notice also his convivial attainments; he added accordingly, with cautious approval on so important a point, "and he is a fair drinker."

Still better is the following. The force of "boozing" can no further go, when a functionary is employed expressly to

LOOSE THE NECKCLOTHS.

Nothing can more powerfully illustrate the deep-rooted character of intemperate habits in families than an anecdote which was related to me as coming from the late Mr. Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling." He had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able; and, as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat. On asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that's to louse the neckcloths." Here, then, was a family where, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats in fear of apoplexy or suffocation.

There is also, apropos of drinking, a good story of a boatman who was a fine salmon-catcher:—

THE CHARON OF THE DEE AT HANCHORY.

Boaty was a first-rate salmon-fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Hanchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft; as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman who was both skilful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish-catching he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous perhaps at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing-nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was "Na, na; them 'at drink by themselves may just fish by themselves."

The familiarities of old servants gave rise to really humorous situations. The majority of the anecdotes in this regard we have read before, but the following are new to us:—

JEAMES INTERFERING.

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of impudence. A friend told me of a dinner-scene illustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercainery had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here

we lost a salt-spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, joggled his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner-party; the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper. At length he gave vent to his indignation in the remonstrance, addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither; that's the way to be served."

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt-sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle running here and running there, that I'm just distracted. I hae cast'n my coat and waistcoat, and, faith, I dinna ken how lang I can thole (bear) my breeks."

The Scotch, we must all have noticed, have a peculiar gift for preserving personal independence in the midst of conventional servilities. It has always been beyond our comprehension, and is so still. The meekest and most menial Scot that ever crossed our path carried the national *nemo me impune lacessit* in phylacteries all over him, as large as life and twice as legible. "There's a deal of human natur' in man" (as Sam Slick said), and there's a deal of Scottish human natur' in Scots which we Southerners don't understand. But it must be all right, for heaven's above everybody, and the globe turns on its axis.

Poplar House Academy. By the Author of "Mary Powell."

Second Edition. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The authoress of "Mary Powell" writes too much, as she has been told a score of times. She has now, accordingly, come down to agony-and-water, joke-and-water, and family-prayers-and-water. Still, there is always something natural and pleasant about her writing; and we are not surprised to see a second edition of this little story. It is a narrative of the schoolkeeping and love affairs (the latter very diluted indeed) of three ladies with narrow means and a disgraced father. In the latter part of the book events are crowded one upon another in a very hasty, clumsy fashion, and things come right with too obvious violence. But the early part is very good, though readers who remember certain portions of "Mrs. Clarinda Singlehart" will smile at this lady's idiosyncrasy for boys and girls in their bedgowns.

Our grand quarrel with "Poplar House Academy," if it were a book of sufficient strength to provoke a quarrel, would be that it belongs to the sitting-down-on-yourself school, which we so recently abused—the school which takes it for granted that the disagreeable course must necessarily be the right one when the feelings are strongly interested. A delusion of our times upon which posterity will look back with amused wonder. If life is really what these lady novelists paint it, the best thing would be for us to divide the country into districts, and on a given day meet in large open spaces, and cut each other's throats—the last man to cut his own, for which he might have a testimonial in advance. We have in this tale a young, brave, civil engineer, full of life and spirits, and of excellent abilities and prospects. He falls in love with Marian, one of the sisters. The first thing he does is to tell the senior sister, Isabella, saying, "Oh, Miss Middlemass, be now and always my friend!" and, on the next page, "Oh, Miss Middlemass, what will you say when I tell you that I love your sister to distraction?" He goes on to tell Miss Middlemass that his father might object to the match, on which Miss Middlemass (after solemn pledges to be now and always his friend) advises him not to make Marian uncomfortable by addressing her. We are now on a third page, and this energetic young man exclaims, "Oh, Miss Middlemass, what cutting words!" However, he quits the field in silence, after letting "a tear fall on" an advertisement of a foot-lathe in the *Times*, which he reads out loud to cover his emotion. Sister Jacintha, consulted by Sister Isabella, thinks that the interfering party has done wrong, and that the young man ought to have had his say; and, after a deal of sitting-down-on-themselves, Marian and he, at last, get under way. But what do our young lady readers think of this lover, with his "Oh, Miss Middlemass," and his dropping a tear on the *Times*? If we were a girl, we wouldn't have him at a gift; and, if storytellers can't find wholesomely devices for preaching up self-control than such as these, they had better leave it alone, and practise the self-renunciation they inculcate, by sitting down on their writing-tables. But—"Oh, Miss Middlemass, what cutting words!"

The Official Illustrated Guide to the London and North-Western Railway. *The Official Illustrated Guide to the Lancaster and Carlisle and Caledonian Railways.* By GEORGE MEASOM. W. H. Smith and Son.; A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

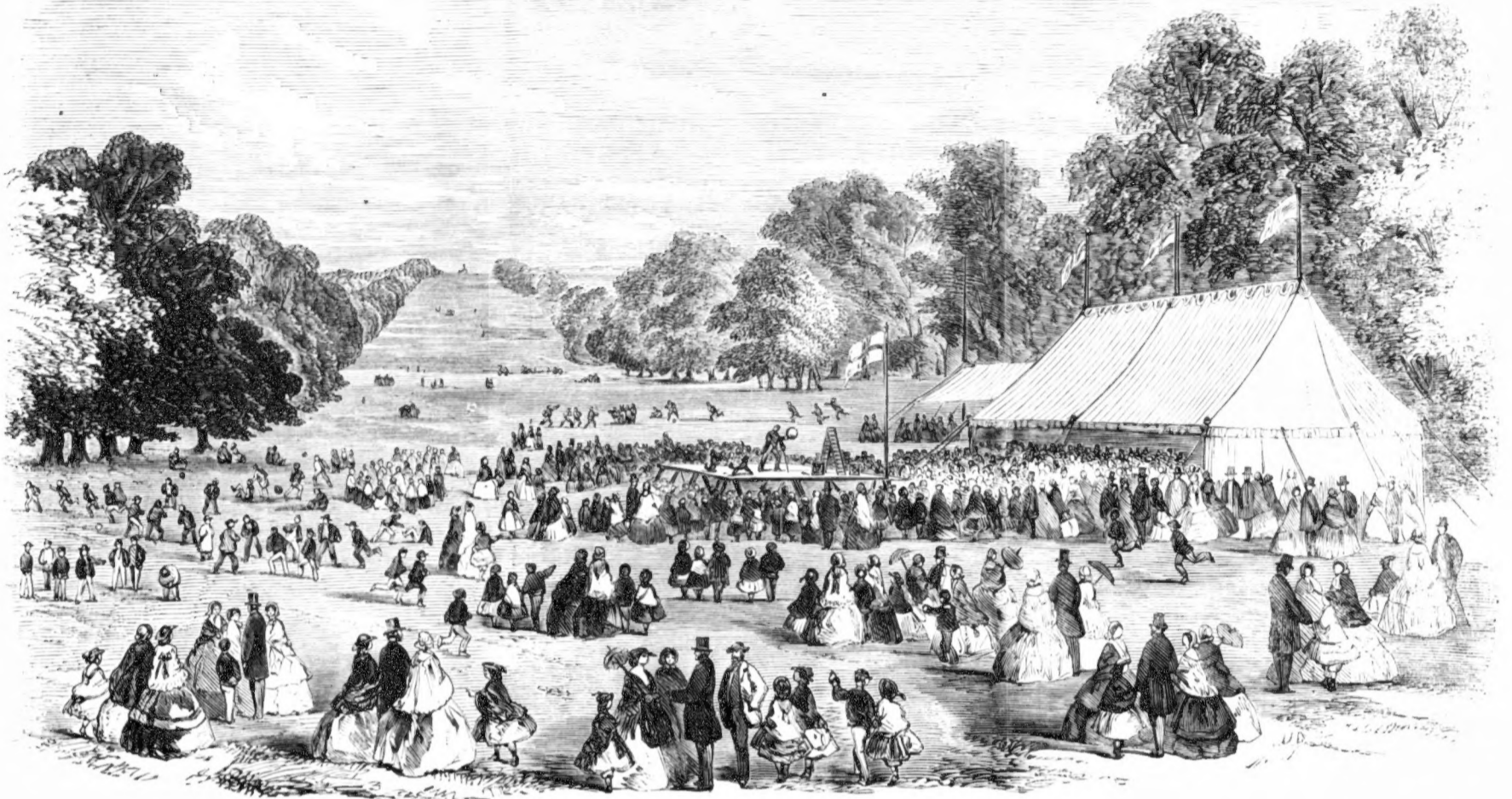
These manuals for railway travellers are embellished with engravings, and so minute and so full that we must warn general conversationalists of the possibility of being imposed upon by individuals who may read up these books and pretend to have been everywhere. By attentively studying them, old ladies afraid of collisions may set up for accomplished tourists.

A Guide to the Coast of Sussex; Descriptive of Scenery—Historical, Legendary, and Archaeological. By MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A. Stanford.

We have before us four of these neat little books, crowded with information, and each provided with an index: one for Sussex, one for Devon and Cornwall, one for Kent, and one for Hants and Dorset. The model guide-book has yet to be written—like the model review, says Mr. Walcott, *sotto voce*—but these are informing manuals, and good to take with you to the respective districts.

INCENDIARISM.—A woman having been compelled by the ill-treatment of her husband, James Woolley, residing at Temple Cloud, Somerset, to leave him and seek shelter at her father's cottage, the husband set fire to it one night after all the inmates had retired to rest. Fortunately it was very wet, and the flames had got very little hold when the inmates began to suffer from the smoke. They got up and extinguished the fire.

SHELLS WITH MOLTEN IRON.—The *Colossus*, 80, screw steam-ship, lit fires in the steam-basin at Portsmouth, on Thursday week, for the purpose of testing the efficiency of her furnace in the filling of hollow shot with molten iron. The *Serpent* target-ship was selected as a mark on which to try the effect of these fearful missiles, fired from a gun on board the *Excellent*. The furnace worked in the most satisfactory manner, supplying a ton of molten iron per hour. The hollow shot which were to be filled with the liquid iron were supplied by the patentee, and were of three different degrees of thickness. No. 1, representing the thickness of iron to be about 1½ inch in one part, and in the opposite ¾ inch. No. 2, 1½ inch, and ¾ inch. No. 3, 1½ inch and ¾ inch. The effect of these globes of liquid metal striking a ship is supposed to be, that they would break, and, scattering the liquid metal, would set the ship on fire. The globes, when filled from the furnace on board the *Colossus*, were conveyed in an iron bucket to a boat on the opposite side of the quay, which pulled aboard the *Excellent*; the average time from the metal being run off from the furnace until the missile left the mouth of the gun being six minutes. To ascertain the effects of the practice it was, of course, necessary that the shot should effect a lodgment in the object fired at; but this was found, from the rotten state of the *Serpent* and the short range—300 yards—to be a difficult matter. Ten shots were fired altogether, two of which burst; but the metal inside of them had lost too much of its liquidity from the length of time it had been drawn from the furnace to produce the effects intended. The *Colossus* will be moved out of the steam basin, and further experiments carried out from her own guns at the *Undaunted* target-ship, at a longer range.



SCHOOL CHILDREN'S FETE AT CASTLE ASHBY.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. DUKE.)

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S FETE AT CASTLE ASHBY.

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly forwarded to us a Sketch of the fête lately given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Northampton to the school children of the parishes of Castle Ashby, Yardley, Denton, Whiston, Grendon, and Easton. The weather was very unfavourable for out-door sports, showers falling during the early part of the afternoon, but towards evening the weather cleared up sufficiently to enable the children to enjoy themselves, although it was not possible for the arrangements for amusing them to be carried out to the extent



THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH PROCEEDING TO THE BATHS AT SAINT SAUVEUR.

originally intended. A large tent was pitched in the avenue facing the south front of the mansion, under which the children, who arrived from their several parishes in waggons, sat down to tables laden with buns, cake, &c. In front of the tent a platform was erected, on which the Northampton Prize Band, who were especially engaged for the occasion, played during the tea, and at intervals throughout the day. Tea over, the children commenced running for prizes, which were distributed to them by the members of Lord Northampton's family. The Marquis and Marchioness of Northampton, the Countess Ripon and Lord Goderich, the Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton and Lady Alwyne Compton, the Hon. Mrs. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mr. Noel, and Mr. Herbert Anderson were present on the ground the whole of the day, and exerted themselves in a praiseworthy manner to amuse the happy juveniles, more especially Lord Alwyne Compton, whose exertions were indefatigable for the comfort and enjoyment of all. After some time spent in racing and various other amusements, all assembled round

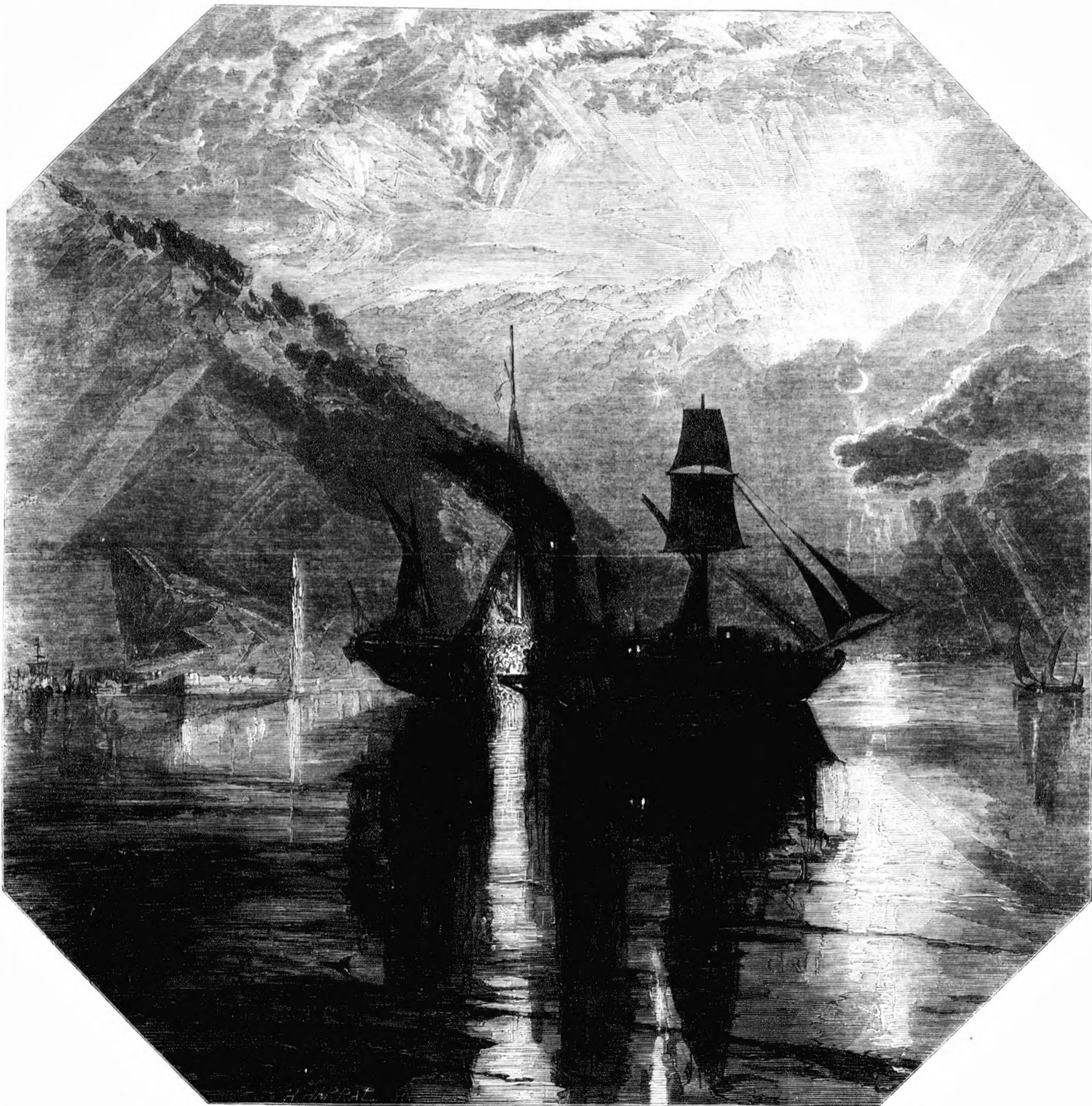
the platform in front of the tent to witness a series of entertainments, provided by Mr. T. Jones, of the Shakspeare, Northampton, consisting of part of the company from his saloon, with others procured specially for the occasion. The entertainment comprised performing dogs, conjuring, singing, playing on various musical instruments, &c., and great was the delight of the children at all they saw. This part of the amusements was, however, considerably shortened in consequence of the shades of evening drawing near. While the youthful portion of the pleasure seekers were being thus gratified some of the older portion of the assembly were enjoying themselves by a country dance on the gravel walk in front of the house to strains of the prize band. At dusk the children, after giving cheers for their kind entertainers, departed for their respective villages, all bearing in their faces an index of the gratitude felt for their holiday. The band then adjourned to the house, where dancing was kept up among the inmates of the mansion till early morn.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S SEDAN-CHAIR.

IN France, as in England, the sedan-chair is now but seldom seen or used; our age is too fast a one for the slow and monotonous, though pleasantly swinging, motion of this nearly extinct mode of transport. A *helle* that erst was carried by her stately bearers, "decked in gorgeous array," through the walks of Kensington Gardens, and was occasionally set down here and there to exchange a bantering remark with "My Lord Tom Noddy," now takes her drive or ride at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour round Rotten-row.

Sedan-chairs have all but disappeared, the last of them lingering round the pump-room at Bath, or in the purlieus of Tonbridge Wells. The same decadence is perceivable with the "chairs" of France. That institution, made great by Madame de Maintenon and the widow Scarron, is but barely kept afloat by the "waters" of Vichy, a kindred refuge to that of Bath.

However, we may soon expect to see a revival with our neighbours



"THE BURIAL OF WILKIE."—(FROM THE PICTURE IN THE TURNER COLLECTION.)

across the Channel of the perambulating medium famous in the time of the Grand Monarque, for the Imperial Court, imitative of that of Louis XIV. in the hunting parties and other *menus plaisirs*, has now, in the person of the Empress, restored the sedan chair to its ancient favour and importance.

Our Engraving shows the Empress Eugenie, during her recent visit to St. Sauveur, borne in her chair on her diurnal pilgrimage to bathe in the health-invigorating spring and partake of its waters.

THE BURIAL OF WILKIE.

MUCH of the unmerited ridicule cast upon the later works of our inimitable landscape-painter Turner may be explained, and even excused, by the *bizarre* and seemingly inappropriate titles affixed to them by the artist. The old man's imagination outlived his judgment. He would see in his wildest and most lovely-developed productions a germ

of subject imperceptible to the ordinary spectator. Thus who can have forgotten that singular whirl of maritime colour and turbulence in which no distinct outline of natural or artificial existence was perceptible, and which was recorded in the Academy catalogue under the ludicrously interjectional title of "Hurrah for the Whaler Erebus! Another Fish!" a title which the late Gilbert à Beckett proposed modifying into the form of "Hurrah for the Mustard and Vinegar! Another Lobster Salad?" The picture (or rather the chromatic suggestion of a picture) was most admirable; but the comicality of the title attached to it exhausted our faculties of attention ere we had well begun to appreciate its artistic beauties.

In the same spirit we are disposed to laugh at a marvellous picture of a steam-ship in still waters blotting the diaphanous harmony of a moonlit atmosphere in the Mediterranean, merely because the eccentric artist chose to baptise his work "The Burial of Wilkie." We all know that Wilkie died at sea, on his way from Egypt to Spain, and that his remains were honoured by the posthumous compliment of a

torchlight funeral. But Turner's picture is by no means a literal record of the fact. Wilkie was not "launched into the deep" so near to the rock of Gibraltar, as Turner, for the sake of pictorial effect, has chosen to lead us to believe. This knowledge irritates and predisposes us to find fault with a work of art which, viewed abstractedly, would claim our most enthusiastic admiration. The picture should have been called "A Funeral at Sea," leaving Wilkie out of the question.

Whatever the picture may be called, it is a very impressive one. It is painted in what we consider Turner's very best manner, and may be assigned to the period when he was just beginning to quit literalness for somewhat wild abstraction. It is impossible for wood-engraving to reproduce, or even satisfactorily to suggest, the entire beauties of such a work; but there will be found enough, in our published copy of this work, to prove that the greatest of English colourists can triumphantly pass through the trying ordeal of translation into "black and white."

The original painting is the property of the nation, and forms one of the chief ornaments of the inimitable Turner Gallery.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

THE LAST LITTLE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

Our Yankee cousins have a small bit of political tactics which rather ought to excite the mirth than the anger of the British people. It consists in getting up, every now and then, a little "difficulty" with this country, which for awhile blazes away in the newspapers and at public meetings, and finally disappears in smoke, without serious results. This phenomenon comes on with a certain regularity; in fact, just when the elections are looming in the distance, and ingenious observers have connected it with such events. Just as comets have some relation to vintages, so "difficulties" are found to improve the political harvests; and, as comets with all their terrible beauty pass harmlessly away, so do these apparitions. In plain English, Yankee statesmen want a "gag," and this is the kind of one they hit upon.

One might be apt to think that, if quarreling with Britain is popular, Britain must be hated by the American populace. But this would be a mistake. It is not hatred of Britain, but conceit in themselves, that is the attraction of these little disputes to the Yankees. All populations are more or less warlike, unluckily for Mr. Bright, even those which do not live under aristocracies. They like excitement—talk; in fact, the pleasure of seeming to be going to war, yet with a secret assurance that they won't, which adds to the piquancy. And Britain is the only Power of which the States can be jealous, for all other Powers are exposed to their contempt, as not being free or not being "Anglo-Saxon." The fact that we are infinitely stronger than they—for they have as good as no standing Navy—would calm a less knowing and lively race. But, then, they curiously combine with an affected defiance of us a real belief in our good sense, and trust that we would not proceed to hostilities except upon an altogether intolerable amount of provocation. Some of them add to this a less well-founded belief that under no circumstances would our commercial and democratic parties permit such a contingency. Of course this is a blunder, but as long as it does not push those who hold it too far we are quite content, being thoroughly friendly to the States, that it should exist.

The last mail gives us an account of the latest of these irritations. We touch States' interests at several points, and there are "boundary" questions still between us. The scene of one of these is "San Juan," in the waters of Vancouver's Island, where for some years settlers, both British and American, have contrived to exist in harmony, the disputed lordship being an open question. The other day, however—some savages, it is said, having proved troublesome—General Harney, of the United States' army, landed with a force, and issued an order claiming the territory. We emphasise this part of the news because, so long as there was real doubt on the subject of territorial rights, Harney had no business to take such a step. We are, indeed, told that "nothing inimical to the British Government was intended," but, though willing to acquit the General of any such presumption, we must insist that he committed a breach of international courtesy. Our Governor (Douglas) in British Columbia is said by an American paper to have been "needlessly excited." But, in reality, this gentleman seems to have acted very prudently. He did not admit the justice of the infraction of British rights, yet contented himself with assuming that the American Government meant no injustice, and referred everything to head-quarters, in hopes of a happy issue. Had General Harney acted with the same moderation, there would have been no "difficulty" at all.

Of course we hope and believe that the two Governments will come to a friendly agreement on this event, and on the territorial question which invests it with significance. But that, while such a question was pending, an American general should have so coolly assumed the right to settle it himself, is a little beyond the usual amount of freedom which Americans allow themselves when one of these political "gags" is being got up. The joke is now becoming a stale one; and the trick (if the Americans are so intelligent as we are constantly told they are) ought also to be beginning to get wearisome. Really some American statesmen deal with British disputes much as Blondin does with Niagara. They dance on the political tight-rope over the danger of a real quarrel—cook their meals (of popularity) over that abyss—and are content with the cheers, and applause, and ignoble rewards of the spectators. For our part, we hope such kinds of amusement or of gain will long be confined to the other side of the Atlantic.

THE ADDITIONAL INCOME TAX.—The sums to be collected in October next will be, first, half a year of the former tax, 2½d., and the new tax, 4d., viz., 6½d. in the pound on the whole year's rating. Consequently, the deductions to be made by those who pay rents, interest, and such like, will be—From a half-year's or a quarter's rent, &c., 3d. in the pound on the half-year's or quarter's rent, and 4d. in the pound on a whole year's rent. From a year's rent, 9d. in the pound. For instance—Suppose your rental to be £100 a year. You will be called upon for 100 fourpences and for fifty fivepences, or £2 11s. 8d., and this you will deduct from your next payment of half a year's rent. But if you have already paid a quarter's rent, and deducted the 5d. income tax, and have but a quarter's rent to pay to your landlord, then you will deduct 100 fourpences and 25 fivepences, or £2 3s. 9d. Stated in a tabular form, the deduction per pound to be made for the sum thus paid as rent, interests or dividends, will be—From one year's rent, interest, or dividends, 9d. in the pound; from half a year's ditto, 1s. 1d. in the pound; from a quarter's ditto, 1s. 9d. in the pound.

VANDALISM.—An archaeologist writes to the *Times* to complain of the proceedings of Mr. Salvin, an architect, who has been pulling down some portions of the ruins of Alnwick Castle. "Tourists will now find, on examining the building, that the towers quaintly known as the Armourer's Tower and the Falconer's Tower, which adjoin the Abbot's Tower, exist no longer; and, what is almost worse, the curtain wall extending between them, which was remarkable as being a portion of the source old Norman masonry—one of the few fragments of the building erected by the Baron to whom the Conqueror gave the castle with its Saxon heir—capped by a parapet of the Edwardian period, has also been demolished. What for? So that a more extensive prospect may be obtained from the windows of a new tower that the architect has himself built."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY has consented to proceed from Edinburgh to Loch Katrine on the 14th of October, and open the sluice by which the first stream of this magnificent store of water will supply the city of Glasgow.

PRINCE ALFRED has joined the *Euclides* at Malta.

THE SMALL STREAM-YACHT belonging to the Thames Conservancy, which is noted as being a very fast boat, found herself completely distanced by the *Great Eastern* in her passage from Farnham, when the latter was going at only half-speed.

MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY is said to be engaged in the composition of a new historical novel.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has presented £20 to the Newspaper Press Fund.

ADMIRAL HOPE, who commanded and was wounded in the expedition to Peiho, is brother-in-law to Lord Kinnaird.

THE *Literary Gazette* says that on Mr. Kean's return to town he will commence his engagement with Mr. Douglass, lessee of the Standard and Pavilion Theatres.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. and Mrs. Mathews are about to return to the United States.

LOCUSTS have made their appearance in Constantinople and its environs in large numbers.

A BATTLE FOR WOLVES took place two days back in the woods in the arondissements of Pont Audemer (Eure): it resulted in the destruction of three cubs.

THE *Crocket* (Texas) *Printer* contains the following items of intelligence: 1. There has been quite a lively time here lately, hunting runaway negroes. 2. An animated time exists with the churches in this town among the searchers after spiritual truths. 3. The corn crop is made and is very abundant.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, D.D., Subdean of her Majesty's Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, is announced.

EIGHTEEN GUN-BOATS of superior tonnage are now being built to reinforce our navy. These vessels will constitute a larger class of gun-boats than those at present in the service, as they will range between 400 and 700 tons burden, and will be fitted with powerful screw-engines.

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN has come forth with a new pamphlet, entitled "Le Désarmement Européen." The only chances of preserving peace, according to the author, lie in a general and immediate disarmament of all the nations of Europe. But how this is to be brought about he abstains from saying.

THE PARIS *Sicde* proposes that the Italian question should be settled by France, Russia, England, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States subscribing among themselves and raising the required capital for the redemption of Venetia from Austria!

AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE there is a letter from Magenta addressed to "Signor Dearest Brother, London." It need hardly be said that the authorities have not succeeded in delivering it.

LORD CLYDE retires from the command of the Indian army at the close of this year. He will be succeeded by General Sir Hugh H. Rose, who recently acquired distinction in repressing the rebellion in Central India.

A LONDON CABMAN, not having taken enough of money one day last week, and fearing that he might be discharged by his master, attempted to commit suicide in St. James's Park: he was found lying senseless on the grass, and was conveyed to an hospital.

THE DESIRE FOR THE FORMATION OF VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS has extended to Australia, and the authorities are encouraging the movement with vigour.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER has been appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh in the room of the late Very Rev. Dr. Lee.

THE *Times* suggests that young men brought up in workhouses and other charitable institutions should be made to serve as soldiers.

SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON has been elected M.P. for South Shropshire.

A MAN NAMED WRIGHT, a British subject, is said by the *Surinam Gazette* to have purchased 234 slaves. The Anti-Slavery Society has memorialised the Government, and Lord Wodehouse has called upon the British Consul to make a report.

THE GOVERNMENT contemplate issuing a further supply of 25 per cent of rifles to the Volunteer Rifle Corps as soon as they are in a position to do so. This will increase the existing grant to 50 per cent.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF ABERDEEN have resolved to confer the freedom of that city on Lord John Russell.

AN OBNOXIOUS TOLLHOUSE AND GATE at the village of Langford, near Cullompton, Devonshire, has been burned down by the malcontents.

SEVERAL NEW YORK PAPERS mention the rumour of an expected visit of our Poet Laureate to America next autumn. It is stated that Mr. Tennyson's health is very feeble, and that his medical advisers have counselled a voyage across the Atlantic.

THE CANADIAN PAPERS have it that the Prince of Wales is to marry the Princess Alexandra of Prussia, daughter of Prince Albrecht, brother of the King. "The nuptials are to take place in the autumn of next year, and all the preliminaries of the contract are already settled."

SIR JAMES STEPHEN, Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge, and formerly Under-Secretary for the Colonies, died at Coblenz on Friday week, in the seventy-first year of his age.

MADAME MARIO and her husband have been released from custody by the Bologna Governor, and have gone to Switzerland. The Governor must have been very polite to his prisoners, for he apologised for their detention, and acquitted them entirely of any revolutionary scheme.

A SHIP OF THE LINE, to be called the *Magenta*, which is to be steel-plated, and the largest vessel in the French navy, has been put upon the stocks at Brest. The Minister of Marine has ordered 200,000 bombshells for the navy, and 30,000 rifles for the marines.

MR. CORBEN is on a visit to Sir Stephen Glynne, brother-in-law of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A NEW PROCESS OF ENGRAVING, which is called "Photography," by means of which facsimiles of engravings or manuscripts may be multiplied to any extent, at a comparatively small cost, is announced by the *Photographic News*.

THE TOWN OF SHIRVAN, in the Government of Tiflis, has been buried beneath a mountain thrown on it by a recent shock of earthquake.

AN ANTI-SPORTING SPIRIT has sprung up at Doncaster among the inhabitants. A certain section of them entered a solemn protest against the late anniversary of St. Leger, and issued a rebuke to profane pleasure-seekers. Blinds of private houses were drawn down in order to shut out the sight of the revellers, and in the windows Scriptural quotations were displayed in large letters.

GOOD-SERVICE PENSIONS of £100 each have been assigned by the Commander-in-Chief to Major-General Sir Edward Lugard, K.C.B., and Colonel James Creech.

A REPORT THAT THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN GORDON, of the 42nd Regiment, had eloped from the Bridge of Stirling with Captain Callan, 71st Regiment, is indignantly denied by the lady's relatives, who state that she is in India with her husband.

THE BERLIN *Volkzeitung* contradicts the report that the library of Alexander von Humboldt has been sold to Lord Bloomfield for the British Museum. The paper adds that several gentlemen are still busy making a catalogue of the library, which is larger than was at first believed.

LORD DERBY has had another attack of his ancient enemy the gout.

A BOAT CONTAINING TEN PERSONS, most of them dock labourers, was run down by a steam-boat on the Thames on Saturday last. Two men were drowned.

THE GREAT WESTERN, and most of the Midland Railway and Canal Companies, have advertised that, on and after the 1st of October next, all goods carried by them will be charged on the actual gross weight at 22½lb. to the ton, except iron, which will be charged at 24½lb. to the ton.

A DIVIDEND of £1 10s. for the half-year declared at a meeting of proprietors of the Bank of England, has been confirmed by ballot.

A PRIEST NAMED DANTIN has been convicted, at the Assize Court of St. Omer, of child-murder, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for life. The mother of the child (his servant) was acquitted.

THE EDITOR of the *Cork Constitution*, who is at present travelling in Italy, has been severely handled by brigands. He was slightly stabbed in several places, and stunned by a blow from a heavy stick.

SIGNOR VERDI, the musician, was one of the deputation from Parma who proceeded to Turin to ask Victor Emmanuel to accept the annexation of Parma to Piedmont. It was under the cry of "Viva Verdi!" that the Emmanuel as their King, the letters of the word Verdi composing the initial letters of "Victor Emmanuel rè d'Italia."

MR. JOHARD, of Brussels, has invented an artificial statuary marble which is to be prepared for sculptors in a liquid state, and can be moulded like the plaster figure. It is said to be pure and spotless as Carrara—transparent, polished, and hard as the real substance taken from the quarry.

SOME IRISH GENTLEMEN of NEW YORK have resolved to present Marshal McMahon with a handsome American horse. It is to cost a thousand dollars.

THE ARTISANS employed in Chatham dockyard intend to to present a piece of plate to the Right Hon. Mr. Wilson, as an acknowledgment of his services in procuring the extension of the Civil Service Superannuation Bill to the workmen employed in the dockyards and the other public establishments.

AN AMERICAN SWINDLER, one Johnson, alias Williams, advertised for fifteen young ladies to "go south" as music-teachers in private families. He was soon snubbed; assembled the ladies at an hotel, got their luggage together, collected from them their passage-money, and then made off with it, luggage and all.

A SHARK was taken off Hastings last week.

ABOUT A THOUSAND PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS have been presented to the Bodleian Library by Mr. John Bardoe Elliot, late of the East India Company's civil service.

THE PADIHAM WEAVERS resumed work conditionally on Monday. A fortnight's trial was to be given in order to test the terms on which work has been resumed.

A VIGOROUS CHURCH-RATE CONTEST was carried on last week in the somewhat notorious parish of St. Sidwell, Exeter. The poll closed on Thursday week, the numbers being—For the rate, 384; against, 390; majority, 6.

AN OLD 28-POUNDER GUN, said to have belonged to the man-of-war brig *Pelican*, which upwards of ninety years ago capsized in the Mersey, has been fished up by some men dredging the river. Several rare specimens of shell were found adhering to the old war-engine.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND THE PRINCESS left Berlin for Silesia on Tuesday week. It is understood that their stay in Silesia will be only of fourteen days' duration.

THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL at Salzburg has been greatly damaged by fire.

"SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the vale," is advertised in the Dublin papers as to let.

THE NEW REFORM AGITATION will be inaugurated at Liverpool in November next, when Messrs. Cobden and Bright will address a "monster meeting" upon reform in general, and financial reform in particular. Meetings on the same subject will afterwards be held throughout the kingdom.

DURING THE CELEBRATION OF DIVINE SERVICE AT LEEK (Staffordshire) a Mr. Waterall, formerly a clerk at the railway station, rose and made some vague charges, including that of blaspheming the Holy Ghost, against Mr. Butler, his former superior at the station, who was in church at the time. The Vicar is to decide what proceedings are to be taken in this case.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT COMMITTEE have awarded the first premium (fifty guineas) to Mr. J. G. Roched, architect, Glasgow. The design represents a medieval Scottish tower, the proposed height of which will be 220 feet, with a staircase leading to the summit.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

TWELVE years ago I was at an agricultural dinner. At that time the speakers at these gatherings were required rigorously to abstain from introducing political topics. The talk after dinner was about horses, Southdowns, Devons, the four-course system, and like matters and things. There was, however, on this occasion, an opulent tenant-farmer who transgressed the rules. He began by discoursing about mangelwurzel, which he for short called "wuzzels," but somehow he glided into politics; and there arose, in consequence, a row—such a row as only agricultural lungs can make—and cries of "Order, order!" "Down, down!" "No politics!" drowned the voice of the speaker. The worthy farmer was dismayed but determined, and for a time kept his ground; but the storm continuing, at last he jumped upon his chair, and shouted out at the top of his stentorian voice, "Gentlemen, I'll drop politics and go back to wuzzels." The only word that was heard was the last, but that was sufficient. Shouts of laughter broke out, the storm was subdued, and the speaker was allowed to go back to his "wuzzels" in peace. Now, I relate this anecdote to show, first, what a change has come over the spirit of these meetings. Formerly they were really agricultural meetings, now they are political gatherings. Indeed, farming matters are seldom more than hinted at now at an agricultural society's anniversary. And, secondly, to suggest the question whether it would not be better to go back to the old rule, and, in short, like the worthy farmer, "return to wuzzels." For, in truth, the honourable gentlemen who talk at these dinners do not shine in political subjects, and surely they are out of place. For example, what a mess Colonel North made the other day at Banbury in attempting to defend flogging in the army and the administration of the Horse Guards; and what possible relation could these subjects have with the proper business of an agricultural meeting? The gallant Colonel would do better to reserve his fire against the enemies of the lash for the House, and, like the old farmer, return to "wuzzels." By-the-by, the gallant Colonel is very earnest in defending the Horse Guards against jobbery. Can any one tell us anything about the history of the gallant Colonel? Did he enter the army in 1822. Our then faithful chronicler of the achievements and progress of honourable and gallant members of the House says no more of him, excepting that in 1853 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tower Hamlets Militia. Now, there have been stirring times since 1823—wars in India, China, and in the Crimea, besides a good deal of hard service in other parts of the world. Has Colonel North ever been in action? has he ever been on active service abroad? If so, where? and if not, why not? It can hardly, however, be imagined that since 1823 he has done nothing. He should for his own sake furnish the compiler of the "Parliamentary Companion" with a list of his achievements, that they may be duly chronicled in the next edition. I see that the gallant Colonel is a D.C.L. This looks as if he had been spending his time in the cloister instead of the camp. But, if so, how comes it that he is a Lieutenant-Colonel? The two things look discrepant.

There have been sundry other agricultural meetings since I last wrote. One, I see, at Stoke-upon-Trent. Here the youthful Lord Sandon, late M.P. for Lichfield, presided, and the principal performers were the new Earl of Shrewsbury, his son, Viscount Ingestre, and Mr. Bass, the member for Derby, but more noted as the brewer of pale ale. The Earl of Shrewsbury is the Lord Ingestre who used to oppose Tommy Duncombe at Hertford. He afterwards became Lord Talbot; and lately, by a decision of the House of Lords, has succeeded to the ancient title of Shrewsbury, and, if fortune favour him, will get the estate, worth £10,000 a year. His Lordship has been in the navy, and has seen service, for he commanded the *Phidmel* at Navarino, where he proved himself a better commander, let us hope, than he is a speaker, if his speech at Stoke-upon-Trent be a good specimen of his talent that way. The old Earls, I fancy, never did much in the talking line, but they had this merit—they never tried. Talking was not thought so much of then as it is now. Doing was much in vogue. Lord Ingestre, the son, is member for Stafford, where his father has influence. This young gentleman made a speech which must have fairly astounded the agricultural mind at Stoke. He told the farmers "that the members of Mr. Bass's side of the House held opinions which he (Lord Ingestre) detested and abhorred;" and, further, that "there are many queer dogs in Parliament, who say many queer things which they do not mean." This was a strangely impertinent remark, and if Mr. Bass had retorted that he knew of no dogs in Parliament excepting a few puppies, no one would have been surprised; but Mr. Bass did not do this, but quietly tried to turn the talk to something more germane to the natural topics of the evening, and thus showed the farmers that the brewer knows what gentlemanly conduct is better than the lord. And yet there is a talent of a sort in Lord Ingestre, for that gala at Cremorne was suggested by the noble Lord, and under his management was well got up, and would have gone off well if the heavens had been propitious.

Earl Stanhope has, I see, been calling the Government to account for making peers of Sir Benjamin Hall and Mr. Vernon Smith, and herein he is right. Before the House broke up there was no small grumbling in the matter, which, if the rules of the House had allowed, would have found expression. You will remember that Sir Benjamin was made a peer because no place could be found for him in the Cabinet, and Mr. Vernon Smith because his feelings had been hurt. The peerage used to be conferred as a reward of merit, now it is to be looked upon

as a soft "parmaceti for an inward bruise." Earl Stanhope is the Lord Mahon who wrote the "History of England," and other works. His grandfather also did something for literature, for he invented the Stanhope printing-press.

The advocates of manhood suffrage are in ecstasies, for they have caught a real, live lord. Lord Teynham, who has lately pronounced on this subject, is not indulging in a fanciful dream, for he is not young. His age is not given in the "Peerage," but he has a son thirty-seven years old. William Roper, from whom the family traces its descent, married the daughter of the great and good Sir Thomas More.

Surely the millennium of the periodical writer has arrived. Any one worth his salt can now find organs for his opinions, and editors ready to receive his copy. The next few days will see the issue of two new publications, or rather one entirely new and one in a new phase. The first, which is called *Everybody's Journal*, promises from its prospectus to mingle the *utile* with the *delectabile*,—to give a digest of current events, forming a kind of compendium or index to the newspapers (a want long experienced especially by literary men), in addition to the usual literature of such publications. The other is a new series of our old friend the *Welshman's Guest* in an octavo form, and at a doubled price, with Mr. Robert Brough as its editor: it will resemble indeed an illustrated *All the Year Round*. Among the most noteworthy contributors to the first named are Captain Mayne Reid, Dr. Doran, Gerald Massey, Dudley Costello, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Samuel Lover, Mrs. S. C. Hall, &c.; while the latter numbers among its staff Messrs. Oxford, Hannay, R. and W. Brough, H. S. Edwards, Draper, Godfrey Turner, P. Talfourd, &c. Mr. G. A. Sala is announced as engaged for both. Mr. John Gilbert will be the principal artist on *Everybody's Journal*; Phiz on the *Welshman's Guest*.

Mr. Charles Dickens starts next month on a short reading tour through the provinces.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Charles Mathews has finished his engagement at the Haymarket and gone out of town. Let us trust he may return somewhat more like his old self. He was the most finished actor on the stage; he has shown himself lately one of the most careless and *nonchalant*. No man has a keener perception of character, but he seems to have lost his *verve*, his energy, his desire to do his best. For an actor to be perfect in his words is the least that is expected of him; but latterly Mr. Mathews's respect for the public has not been sufficient to induce him to study his text. On Saturday last he took his benefit, playing Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin," and playing it very badly. Goldfinch is a broad, lusty, swaggering Corinthian. Mr. Mathews made him a finikin, pulling, whisper-snapper, by no means the man to captivate the buxom Widow Warren. Except by Mrs. Wilkins, who played the Widow, the piece was badly acted throughout; and whenever Mr. Mathews or Mr. Buckstone were on the stage the prompter's voice was painfully audible. The afterpiece was "Paul Pry," with Mr. Mathews as the hero. He could not touch the character—lacked breadth and colour, gave no original rendering, and fell short of the stereotyped humorous version. Mrs. Mathews played Phoebe, and it certainly cannot be said that her reading of the part lacked breadth.

Miss Amy Sedgwick has returned to the Haymarket, playing Rosalind in "As You Like It" artistically and well. Her performance betokened study and painstaking. It was a little stagey and occasionally overdone, but was on the whole decidedly meritorious. Miss Reynolds has reappeared as Miss Hardecastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," playing, as usual, with great care and intelligence.

The *Princess's* opens to-night (Saturday) with a four-act drama by Mr. Oxford, called "Ivy Hall," and said to be founded on Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and a dramatic tableau called "Love and Fortune," by Mr. Planché.

The *St. James's* has been thoroughly altered and redecorated. It opens on the first proximo with a comedy by Mr. Fitzball.

NEWS OF FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK landed on Wednesday at Portsmouth from the *Albatross* pilot-boat, which vessel had brought him ashore from the *For* screw discovery vessel, arrived off the Isle of Wight from the Arctic Regions. Captain McClintock at once proceeded by train for London, taking with him two cases containing relics of the long-missing expedition of Sir John Franklin. The following is a copy of a letter despatched by Captain McClintock, on his arrival, to the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

"YACHT FOX, R.Y.S.

"Sir,—I beg you will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the safe return to this country of Lady Franklin's Final Searching Expedition, which I have had the honour to conduct.

"Their Lordships will rejoice to hear that our endeavours to ascertain the fate of the 'Franklin Expedition' have met with complete success.

"At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated the 25th of April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that her Majesty's ships *Erna* and *Terror* were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N.W., and that the survivors—in all amounting to 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier—were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June, 1847.

"Many deeply interesting relics of our lost countrymen have been picked up upon the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that subsequent to their abandonment one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since been, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth.

"Being unable to penetrate beyond Bellow Strait, the *For* wintered in Brentford Bay, and the search, including the estuary of the Great Fish River, and the discovery of 800 miles of coast line, by which we have united the explorations of the former searching expeditions to the north and west of our position with those of James Ross, Dease, and Simpson, and Rae to the south, has been performed by sledge journeys this spring, conducted by Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., Captain Allen Young, and myself.

"As a somewhat detailed report of our proceedings will doubtless be interesting to their Lordships, it is herewith inclosed, together with a chart of our discoveries and explorations; and at the earliest opportunity I will present myself at the Admiralty to afford further information, and lay before their Lordships the record found at Port Victory.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"F. L. MCCLINTOCK, Captain R.N."

Dr. Nicot, Professor of Astronomy in the Glasgow University, died on Monday afternoon from congestion of the brain.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.—The South Australian papers mention the return to Adelaide of Mr. Stuart from an exploring expedition into the interior. The distance traversed was 200 miles beyond the furthest point reached by Mr. Bibbage and Major Warburton, and the country was found to be luxuriant beyond description. Mr. Stuart started from the Ennall Springs about the beginning of April, and reached lat. 26 deg. S., the northern boundary of the colony, about the middle of May, and during his entire journey there and back he states that he was never a single day without water. The country traversed consisted chiefly of immense plains, interspersed with innumerable hills from 100 to 150 feet high, from the summits of which gushed springs of pure fresh water, intersecting the plains and discharging themselves into the numerous creeks and rivers running in a westerly direction. One of the rivers discovered is reported by Mr. Stuart to be three miles broad in one part of its course. The ranges along the plain are chiefly table-topped, and about 1000 feet high. Mr. Stuart made a detour occasionally of from twenty to thirty miles on each side of his track, and found the country everywhere of the same beautiful description; and it seemed to be of a similar character as far as the eye could reach beyond the furthest point attained by him. Indeed, he seems to have turned back through surfeit of good country. He thinks there would not be any difficulty whatever in crossing over to the Gulf of Carpentaria, or to any other portion of the north coast.

THE REVIVAL MOVEMENT.

THE most recent phenomenon of the religious agitation in Ireland is a "revival" of the "monster meetings" of former days. After some months of reported "awakenings" and deepened religious "anxiety" in individuals and communities throughout the whole province of Ulster, an attempt was to be made to concentrate the movement, and exhibit it in one extensive manifestation of "the work." A "great Revival Meeting for all Ireland" was announced to be held at Armagh on the 11th instant. It was expected that eminent divines would attend it specially from "the three kingdoms." Rumour even included Mr. Spurgeon and—singular combination—the Bishop of Exeter in the list.

The "friends of the cause" in Belfast made arrangements with the managers of the Ulster Railway Company to run a cheap train to Armagh on the occasion, the distance (about thirty miles) and the return being covered by a fare of 1s. 6d.; the consequence of which was, that as many people took the journey for pleasure or for business as for the sake of "assisting" at the revival.

The meeting was held in a gently-sloping grass field, a few minutes' walk from the railway station. The weather was very fine, with a fresh breeze and a bright sun. At the foot of the slope, and facing the descent, a small platform was pitched, with a sheet of canvas spread on a pole behind it. In front of this primitive erection the people gathered in a circular mass. The services consisted of addresses or sermons, alternating with hymns. Nine or ten reverend gentlemen relieved each other in the work of the afternoon on this, the chief, point of the meeting. The addresses that excited most attention were those of the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, and the Rev. Mr. Moore, of Ballymena, the place where the movement is said to have commenced. But it was not these gentlemen—sound preachers, men of education and training in their office—whom the people listened to. They broke into separate audiences round more violent and more exciting preachers. There were at one time five smaller circles in the field, besides the main body; and the most successful preachers, tested by the amount of "mental agony" they produced in the listeners, were not the ten ordained ministers. This display of internal suffering is regarded as the proof of the "operation of the spirit," which is not supposed to triumph entirely till the patient is "struck down;" just short of this are those "deeply affected." It was in the circles round the wildest and most incoherent preachers that the most numerous cases of the "deeply affected" were to be seen. Where "divine religion" was actually being made "a rhapsody of words," there the most effect was produced. In one group were twenty poor wretches on their knees at the feet of an ill-looking, vulgar, and evidently ignorant man, who was consigning all the universe to perdition with extreme energy. At every sentence the prostrate creatures groaned and grovelled in the earth, shouting "Amen." There appeared no intermediate state between those who remained quite unmoved and those whom such preaching drove to the verge of madness. Religious terror seems to select a few victims, but leaves the great mass untouched.

Generally, the active agents in the various groups were singularly hard-featured, many evil-looking men. One leader was an exact reproduction of the Puritan in many of the caricatures of the time of the Commonwealth; he was the "low" ideal of that day exactly repeated. In every circle singing was a favourite and frequent exercise, and bad to a degree that cannot be described.

Of the number present various estimates are given, but there could not have been more than 10,000 present. It is a large number to gather at a field preaching; but for "all Ireland" it is not overwhelming. The result very small in proportion to the machinery employed on the occasion.

The *Northern Whig* exposes a daring case of imposture in connection with the movement in Belfast. The chief actor in the deception is a mill-girl, named Campbell, who was "revived" or "struck" about six weeks since, when she became blind and dumb. It was then announced that she had seen a heavenly vision, after which the name of the Redeemer was miraculously imprinted upon her breast. She was then made the object of public exhibition. The house where she lived was closed by the authorities; but those who visited her found different portions of her body were tattooed. On her breast was imprinted a large, red, fiery cross, done in the rudest manner imaginable. On one breast the word "Jesus" is inscribed, and under it the letters "C. H.," in capitals, which corresponded in size with the letters in "Jesus." One gentleman asked who put the letters on the girl, and the women of the house answered "It was the Lord." On another occasion the girl's relatives said he had made signs that a man in New-towards was also marked with bloody letters in a similar way, and that a "believer" on going to that place found it to be true. The story was readily believed by the crowd, and accepted as an extraordinary proof of the girl's honesty. The Rev. Mr. Breakey, having visited the house for the purpose of exposing the imposture, found the word "Lord" traced very rudely on her arm, and some other letters on her breast. He saw at once that they were done with the domestic blue-bag, or something similar, and, having obtained a damp cloth, rubbed off two of the letters with the greatest ease. Then, calling the attention of the people, and holding the arm up before all present, he rubbed the other two off without difficulty.

The religious excitement still prevails in the neighbourhood of Bangor, Carnarvonshire. Immense religious meetings were held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week by the Calvinistic Methodists. On Wednesday the meeting commenced at six o'clock in the morning, a second meeting was held at eight, another at ten, one at two, one at five, and another at seven. At the meetings which were held in the middle of the day it was estimated that there were about 20,000 present—7000 coming from the Isle of Anglesea alone. The vast multitude began to arrive at Bangor as early as five o'clock in the morning, having walked by that time a great number of miles, and most of them were laden with chairs, stools, and other sitting conveniences. The meetings throughout were of the most orderly character, and no one was observed to have symptoms similar to those experienced by the Irish people at their revivals.

The *North British Mail* says:—"We have just seen a letter from a father in Moyse, two miles from the town of Newtownlimavady to his son in Greenock, in which, speaking of the revivals in that district, he says:—'We had the pleasure of hearing two young converts address an assembly at different times since you went away. They were both Papists before they were converted, but are now true Catholics, being brought to a knowledge of the truth.' One of them was dumb all his days until stricken down the second time, and the love of God was shed abroad in his heart so very much that he prayed that the Lord might open his mouth and let loose his tongue, that he might tell others what God had done for his soul. From that time God heard him, and did open his mouth, and he can now speak as plain as any man, and it is only five months since he was stricken down, and he is now able to read a little; but he has a very great many portions of Scripture that he can repeat, that he has learned by hearing since that time, and he can address an assembly middlingly well. Up to his being stricken down no one ever knew a word he said, not even his own people, who held communication with him by signs."

GREAT GUNS AT MALTA.—The *Malta Times* says:—"Two days ago experimental firing of two Lancaster guns, or rather 68's adapted to the Lancaster principle, took place at Fort St. Elmo and Tigne, at a range from the latter of 2300 yards, and from the former of somewhat less. Some excellent shots were made, several of the shells striking within a few yards of the target, and bursting under water. Nine shells were fired from Tigne, one or two of which, however, burst at the muzzle. On the fifth shot being fired from St. Elmo, the gun burst about eighteen inches from the muzzle, one of the pieces being blown to a great height over the bastion on to a battery where the gunners were at work, the remainder falling into the sea and on the rocks beneath the fort. Fortunately no person was hurt, the gunners and visitors being all under cover, according to a previous arrangement, as it was that apprehensions were entertained respecting the safety of the gun. Lancaster's shells are conical, and are provided with a brass fuse so constructed as to explode the shell on its striking any object, even water."

PLAN OF THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO RIVER.

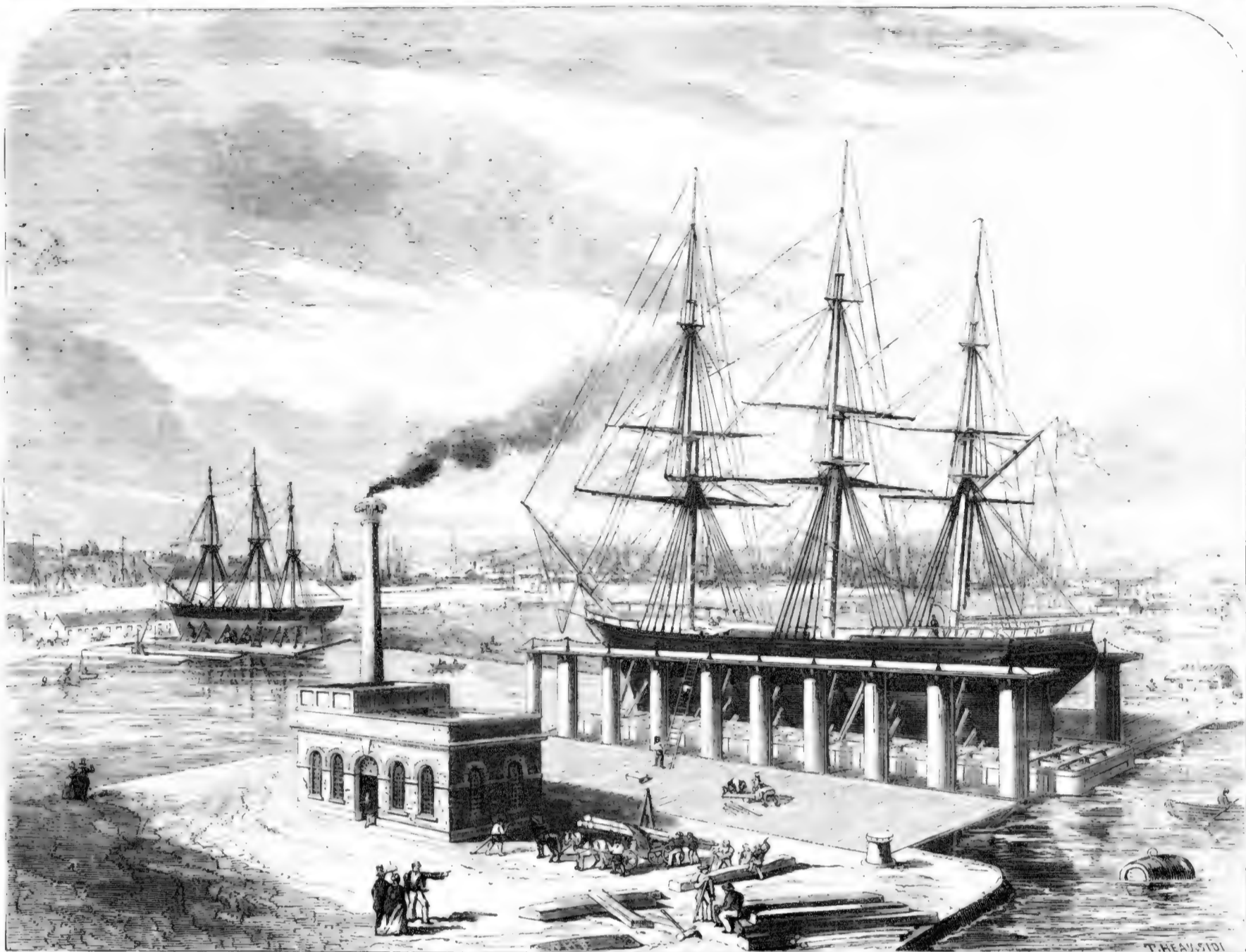
THE Correspondent to whom we are indebted for the accompanying Plan of the Chinese Fortification at the entrance to the Peiho River thus describes them:—"We first came to a strong barrier of double timbers, but it was incomplete, and the entrance to the river was quite open, as far as that was concerned. We next came to a row of iron stakes, quite closing the passage. They were fashioned thus:—Of iron, four inches thick, with sharply-pointed ends, intended to run through a vessel's bottom; next was a strong boom of a large chain with timbers fixed to it by other chains, and firmly anchored at both ends. Farther on was another boom, also very strong, made of large timbers like pontoons, secured up and down the river by three large chains going across the top of them. The last boom was like a huge timber-ratt floating up the river, about fifty yards wide, only secured by large cables to both banks of the river. This was the last boom we could see. These were all about 200 yards apart, and there was a narrow passage left for boats through all of them, close to the mud, but not large enough for a gun-boat to get through."

One of those who crossed the mud banks and was fortunate enough to survive the murderous fire kept up by the Chinese, both during the advance and retreat, thus describes the affair:—

"Major Parke, Smith, Wolridge, Huleatt (Chaplain to our battalion), and myself were in the first boat that touched the beach. The water was about four feet deep where the men jumped out. I, like a muf, did not wait to go forward, but jumped over the stern and was nearly drowned, but, fortunately, I got hold of an oar and scrambled in again. I was wet all over; however, it did not matter much, as you will see. We had to walk 200 yards under a heavy fire before the water was knee-deep. We lost a good many men, one round shot alone knocked over ten of them. It was impossible to form properly because of the mud and the heavy fire. Poor Huleatt did not go a dozen yards before he got a shot in the thigh. I went up to give him assistance; he asked me for my pocket-handkerchief to tie up his wound. I was in the act of handing it to him when a shot hit me on the side of the head, and over I went, at Huleatt's feet, stunned for the moment. I was soon up again, and, throwing Huleatt my pocket-handkerchief, trudged on as well as I could. My goodness! did we not get it now! We were about 200 yards from the wall, and subjected to all the cross fires. I suppose we lost 100 marines in the space of as many yards. The forts that we thought silenced opened fire on us. I never saw such slaughter. Poor fellows! they were carried off half-a-dozen at a time. Here were we, 350 marines and a few blue-jackets, storming a fort manned by 20,000 men, of whom many were Europeans in the pay of the Chinese Emperor, and 300 cannon. There were no supports to back us up, and we went on to almost certain death. All the ladder party were killed but two, and several ladders smashed by round shot. At last, after an hour's struggle, we reached the first ditch. Col. Lemon got on the bank, and ordered the advance to be sounded. Some of us jumped down into the ditch, but were rather sold, for, instead of finding it knee-deep, it was over our heads. Many men were shot going over the bank, some only slightly wounded rolled down and were drowned in the ditch. I was one of the first to jump down. I never swam before in my life. I don't know how it was, I got across some how or other. When they found it was so deep they ordered up the ladders to act as bridges; several were broken in getting the men across. After going some short distance knee-deep in mud we came to the second ditch; this was a dry one, and was composed of very soft mud. You may not credit it, but we were an hour or more crossing this ditch, a distance of about twenty yards. I was nearly left to be smothered in the mud; the men thought I was wounded and were leaving me to go on; at last two or three men of my company dragged me out. It was here our officers were picked off so. We were not eighty yards from the wall, and being dressed in red, while the men were in blue, were conspicuous marks for the enemy's rifle-men. (They had rifles, for several of our men were wounded by their balls.) I should say only 250 men got over, the remainder were horsed combat in the mud and ditch. Now came the tug of war. We had crossed two ditches, and the third lay before us, not fifty yards from the wall. We had only three ladders left, and if we broke any of those it was all up with us, as none of our rifles would go off, being wet and choked up with mud. Unless we could put three men at a time on the wall (about thirty feet high) we should stand no chance, as we had nothing but cold steel to fight with. Well, we laid the ladders across, and one or two went over all right. I was holding on to the middle of one of them, when two or three fellows got on it and it broke, and down I tumbled into the middle of the ditch. I held on to the broken part of the ladder, and managed to get to the bank and scramble up. When I got on the bank there was a nice spectacle before me—the walls covered with men, not more than thirty-five yards distance. When they saw me they gave a volley. I don't know how it was I escaped. My clothes were cut to pieces, and yet, with the exception of a few scrapes here and there, I was all right. Was it not a pity all the ladders were broken? And here we were looking on, while the enemy stood on the walls picking us off at their leisure. In front of us the mud was covered with spikes and *chevaux de frise* close under the walls. We had not been here half an hour before every officer was hit. It was now that orders came for us to retreat. Parke had got command of us, for Lemon and Masters were both badly wounded. I suppose we stayed in front an hour and a half after the retreat sounded, so as to cover the wounded to the boats. Now, to make a long matter short, we had to go through the same obstacles and fire, and it took much about the same time."

A FRENCH OPINION OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."—A French agent, who is said to be a distinguished naval officer, pre-eminent for his nautical knowledge and experience, bears testimony, in a letter published in the *Moniteur*, to the strength and safety of the *Great Eastern*. With regard to the first point the naval officer says:—"Nevertheless, it may be said that the destruction of the forward funnel of the *Great Eastern* might have happened to the smallest steamer, and would probably have occasioned its total destruction, because it would not have presented the mass and solidity of the great ship, while the accident in question in nowise compromises the future of the last." With respect to the second point, the same authority says:—"The little swell while going against a strong head wind, and a heavy sea on, proved that the *naval problem* has been solved. If there be any doubts, they can only be as to her rolling, because she experienced no slanting heavy seas, and the vessel was too light to be considered in her normal position. But when, with the wind right ahead, she oscillated up and down hardly a quarter of a degree, while the neighbouring vessels plunged into the waves, and her sharp bows threw up less spray than a boat, one feels convinced that no sea can stop her, and that she will cut through the waves with too great a force and facility for them to retard her progress, or for them even to produce that pitching which is so inconvenient to passengers. Contrarywise to so many ships of rounded lines, which the sea tosses and retards more than does the wind, the *Great Eastern* meets with no impediment from the waves. She cuts them too easily to feel their rapid motion; the wind appears the only obstacle which nature can present; and all who are acquainted with navigation know how slight its action is in comparison with the action of the waves. Thus the trial which has just been made proves that the gigantic mass will always overpower the sea, and that she will not feel even the effects thereof except when the waves strike her sideways. But then, again, the weight of the vessel and her length will diminish her motion, as was proved during the voyage, when, from the breaking of some part of her steering-gear, she was thrown into a position to present her broadside to the sea."

MASSACRE IN AUSTRALIA.—The *Buck Creek and Ansonist Advertiser* states that a party of 250 miners, from Port Curtis, with 100 horses, having travelled about 200 miles into the interior on a prospecting tour, encountered some natives, who endeavoured to prevent their further advance. They, however, proceeded to dig, and obtained gold. About thirty of the party, being dissatisfied with the yield, went to a spot about three miles off. As they did not return their comrades went to look for them, and on arriving at their encampment a horrible sight met their gaze. There lay the mangled bodies of their companions, having been killed the previous day by the natives. The whites were immediately attacked by the natives, and a murderous fight was kept up, in which the former lost about fifty men. They then set out on their return to Port Curtis. Ever afterwards broke out, and nine of the men died. The natives again appeared and commenced a guerrilla warfare. Eventually, in sadly reduced numbers, they reached Port Curtis.



GRAVING-DOCKS AT THE VICTORIA DOCKS, BLACKWALL.

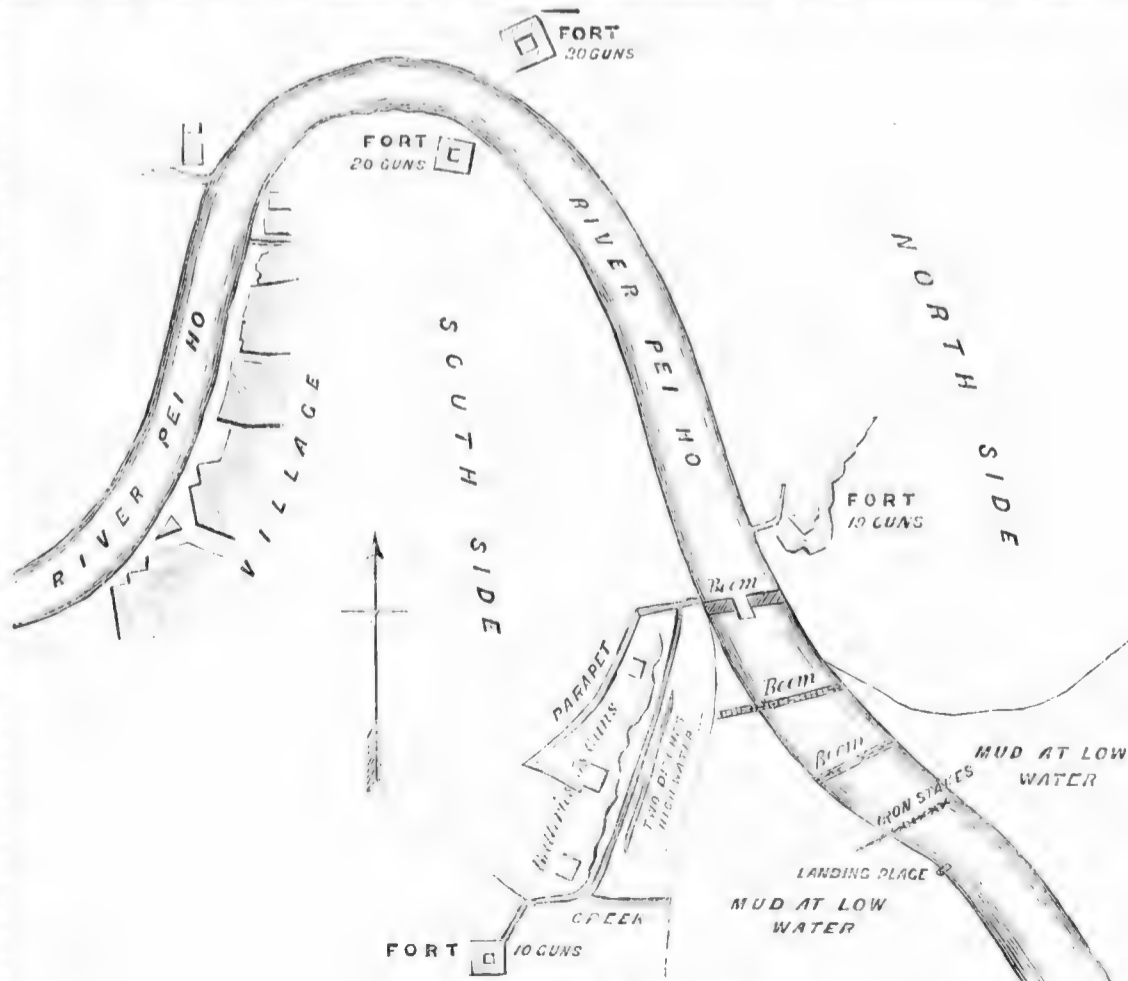
VICTORIA DOCKS.

In the year 1800—fifty-eight years ago—William Pitt, the famous statesman, laid the first stone of the East India Docks. Up to that time there had been no wet dock in the port of London. But since then several others of great magnitude have been opened. The London Docks, the East India, St. Katharine, &c. &c., and, within three or four years, the Victoria Docks have been added to the list. The Victoria Docks lie beyond Blackwall, in the Plaistow marshes, on the Essex shore, just where the Thames, after sweeping round to Greenwich and returning to Blackwall, bends again southwards to proceed to Woolwich. These docks, though last constructed, are not the least in extent or importance on the banks of the Thames. They cover an area of 200 acres, and, though young in years, they have already an established prosperity, which promises largely to increase. They were planned by the celebrated engineer Mr. Parker Bedder, and were constructed by Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts. The capital of the concern is about a million sterling. They belong to a company, but are leased for twenty-one years to the contractors, Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts, at a rental of five per cent. upon the outlay. The position of these docks is exceedingly convenient, and they offer advantages which are possessed by no other docks in the port. In the first place, they are higher up the stream than the older docks, and ships entering here save considerable expense and delay. The North Woolwich Railway runs close to the docks, and has two stations within their range—one at the Tidal Basin and another at the Custom House; and from this railway there are connecting main lines which run on both sides of the docks, so that goods can be transferred at once from the ships to the trucks. Another advantage is the extent of water area, which is larger than that of all the other docks, whilst the depth of water is sufficient to allow vessels to enter at all states of the tide, and, if they do not draw more than 23 feet, always to lie afloat. For such an area of water a corresponding length of wharf of course is necessary, and

to increase this a simple plan has been adopted of projecting from the wharf six jetties of solid masonry four 500 feet and two 455 feet in length—on each side of which ships can lie and discharge their cargoes. By this simple but new arrangement it will be seen the wharfage line is considerably extended. Under the jetties are the wine-vaults. The cranes in these docks are all worked by hydraulic-pumps worked by a steam-engine. The engine-house is some distance from the wharfs, but

water-pipes running from the engine-house all round the wharfs are laid down, and the water can be turned on to the pumps as easily as the turncock sets it flowing into our houses. By the coal-crane sixty tons of coals can be raised in an hour, and a screw-collier of 700 tons can enter at one tide, unload its cargo, and go out by the next. It is by hydraulic power, also, that the massive gates at the entrance to the docks are opened. The entrance is by a lock and canal; and we may here say that this entrance wants only eighteen inches in width to allow the *Great Eastern* to be admitted to the docks.

But the chief peculiarity of these docks is the wonderful hydraulic "lift" in the graving-dock. For the information of our readers who are ignorant of shipping matters we may as well say that the word "graving" means, according to Webster, "the act of cleaning a ship's bottom." A graving-dock is therefore a place where ships' bottoms can be examined and repaired. The common plan adopted is, as we know, to lay up the ship high and dry in what is called a dry dock; but this plan is inconvenient, and to obviate the inconvenience Mr. Scott, of Falkirk, comes forward with his Patent Hydraulic Lift, a very ingenious contrivance, by which ships can be lifted bodily out of the water, and still be afloat. This apparent contradiction is managed in this way:—If our readers will turn to our Illustration they will see a picture of a ship in the lift. On each side of the dock in which the ship is placed they will perceive numerous pillars. These pillars are hollow, and each contains a ram, or portion connected with an hydraulic-pump beneath. Attached to the top of each ram are two iron bars which reach the bottom of the water, take a bend across the dock, and rise to join the corresponding ram on the opposite side. When a ship is to be raised, a pontoon or cradle of iron, a sort of oblong cheek open at the top, 240 feet long by 60 feet wide and four feet deep, is towed into the dock over these bars, and, being filled with water, by letting down one end it sinks to the bottom and lies on the bars. The ship is then towed into the dock over the pontoon, the steam-engine works the hydraulic-pumps,



PLAN OF THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO RIVER.

the rams or pistons rise, and with them the iron bars, the pontoon on the bars, and the ship on the pontoon. As the ship approaches the surface the wedges to prop her upright, which are already attached to cross-timbers on the pontoon, but made to slide backwards and forwards, are drawn by pulleys and ropes tightly up to the ship. Then, when the pontoon is sufficiently high, the end is opened and the water let out. The end is then closed again; the rams, with their bars, sink; the pontoon finds its level; and the ship, standing upright on the pontoon, is afloat, though it is out of water, and a steam-tug comes and tugs pontoon and ship to another dock, where she is to be overhauled and repaired. After her repairs are completed, she is taken back to her

former position, the pontoon is again filled with water, which sinks it to the bottom of the dock, and the ship descends until it finds its proper bearing on its proper element, when it is towed away fit for sea, leaving the pontoon at the bottom for another customer.

The success of the Victoria Docks has been very remarkable. They have been opened only four years, and on the day we visited them there were 173 vessels in dock, of an aggregate tonnage of 180,000 tons; and during the half-year ending in June last 1302 vessels, aggregating 432,202 tons, entered the docks, and 340,000 tons of goods are now in store; and about 2000 hands are employed. The principal part of the tobacco that enters the port of London now comes through these docks,

and all the guano. The appearance of the warehouses and offices is not imposing; there are no architectural gateways, and everything like ornament about the buildings has been carefully eschewed. The reason for this is obvious. This is strictly a commercial speculation, the object of the enterprising men who undertook it simply contemplated a solid and safe investment, and good returns, for their capital. To ornament Plaistow marshes with pretentious piles of architecture formed no part of their design, and the wisdom of this is already proved. The offices look bare certainly, both inside and out—very different from the splendid chambers which we see at our first-class railway-stations—but the concern pays, and will soon be very profitable.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS RECENTLY ERECTED AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF NICHOLAS I., ST. PETERSBURG.

(From a Correspondent.)

MUCH is written of the City of the Sultan, little of the City of the Czar. I do not speak of the history of the city, but of the means and method of life; of those everyday accidents which tell more of a people than do all the dry records that ever were written.

I write from the Russian capital at that period of the year when St. Petersburg—an icehouse in midwinter time—becomes an oven, for it is midsummer. The broad, glaring, hot, dusty streets are deserted, save by innumerable drosky drivers. The beau monde have long since flown to Peterhoff and the islands till the rigours of winter call them back to their hothouses. Day is now converted into night, for night there is none. No one but an English traveller ever attempts to face the dust and heat of the day; and it is only when the late dinner is terminated that human nature, awaking from hours of comparative lethargy, goes forth to enjoy the second day. In fact, the lingering glow of the setting sun rests on the western horizon till replaced by the more refreshing light of morning; and then people retire to rest, without the aid of candles (to the disgust of hotel-keepers, no doubt), till again the day comes. Recovering energy from evening breezes they venture to pace the English Quay.

On the occasion of which I write, however, all the world, nobles of the first even to the tenth class (for it must be known there is no middle class in Russia—the noble being a good coat and extravagance, the serf no coat and black bread) issued forth ere the hour of nine had sounded or been rung from the church bells to witness the inauguration of a statue, first offered to the admiring eyes of some hundreds of thousands of eager lookers-on. The morning of the 7th of July broke with brightest of suns and bluest of skies over the waters of the Neva, and hundreds of thousands of the subjects of the Czar were roused from refreshing slumbers by the roaring of cannon announcing to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg that the long-looked-for day had arrived for the solemn inauguration of the statue erected to the memory of Nicholas I.

At ten a.m. those who had been invited to take part in this certainly magnificent ceremony assembled at the Winter Palace. The party comprised the members of the Council of the Empire, Ministers, senators, and lords and ladies of the Imperial household, and the diplomatic corps, and nobles of the higher ranks. In the meantime, as early as eight a.m. sixty thousand men—cavalry, guards, infantry, and artillery—had marched to, and formed on, Isaac-place, forming compact battalions around the statue, as also along the quays and around the grand and massive building not long since finished—the Isaac Church—while thirty gun-boats, bedecked with innumerable

flags, were moored along the Neva, in front of the Isaac Church and the Winter Palace.

The windows of houses around the grand square called the Isaac-place were filled with gaily-dressed ladies, and officers dressed in every variety of uniform, covered with innumerable orders; while spacious stands were erected immediately in front of the statue, sufficient to accommodate some thousands of eager and well-dressed people.

At eleven the Emperor, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Michael and Constantine, and followed by a numerous and brilliant staff, mounted on a magnificent charger, left the Palace, and, passing round the Isaac Church and the statue, gracefully saluted the statue as he passed the troops; thence, returning to the Palace, he escorted the Empress and all the ladies of her suite, who arrived at Isaac Church) in front of which an elegant temple had been erected) in eight carriages of state.

A mass was then performed, the whole of the troops, notwithstanding a scorching sun, kneeling for some time on one knee, uncovered; and this perhaps was, on the whole (though not to the troops, I fancy), the most effective part of the ceremony.

This over, the gun-boats and shore batteries roared a salute, and, the sheeting with which it had been covered having been drawn from the statue, it stood forth fully displayed to the eager multitude, certainly a magnificent, if not a perfectly correct, work of art. The

Empress, magnificently attired, and blazing with diamonds, then descended the carpet-covered steps of Isaac Church, followed by the female members of the Court, Grand Duchesses, &c., their trains being borne by pages, the Emperor riding by the side of the Empress, who walked gracefully around the statue, and then entered a pavilion, where she took her seat, while the Emperor, the Grand Dukes, and his staff, placed themselves on the right of the statue.

The whole of the troops then marched past, and, to do them justice, I never beheld a finer or more steady body of men, each regiment as it passed saluting the statue and the Imperial party—a most brilliant scene, which lasted about four hours. And thus ended the inauguration of the statue, of which I send you a faithful sketch.

The gun-boats were illuminated in the evening, as also some of the public buildings; and an ineffectual attempt was made to turn a blaze of light on the statue. Thus I have given you a brief outline of what really was a magnificent pageant.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

THE history of the Gloucester Festival has been the history of Mr. Sims Reeves' larynx, which is so perpetually getting out of order that a commission of medical and musical officers ought really to be appointed to sit on it, and report faithfully as to its condition and prospects. It is not Mr. Reeves alone, nor only Mr. Reeves and the public, who are inconvenienced by the obstinate though intermittent malady with which our admirable tenor is afflicted. Every artist of eminence whose name appears in a programme with Mr. Reeves suffers from it to some extent, and in the following manner. As soon as it is announced that the celebrated English tenor is unable to sing signs of displeasure proceed from all parts of the concert-room at which he should have appeared; and, in order to appease the clamorous audience, it not unfrequently happens that some other favourite singer, probably a foreigner, is induced to mount the platform with the view of commencing some piece, which, however, is sure not to be listened to. The audience does not wish to hear the vocalist who is able and willing to sing; it is bent upon hearing the one who is indisposed, and who, while his name is being called out in every possible key, is quietly at home—probably in bed. The artist who happens to fulfil his engagement, and who makes his appearance immediately after an apology for Mr. Sims Reeves has been read, is almost sure to be hissed. Of this we have witnessed a dozen instances, of which the most striking occurred at the Monday Popular Concerts, when Wieniawski, who is certainly one of the first violinists of the day, was hissed because Mr. Reeves was not present to execute a certain piece set down for him in the programme; and last week, at the Gloucester Festival, where the public of the Shirehall were so enraged with the great absentee that they actually vented their wrath upon Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, who had merely come forward to sing a duet in the place appointed for it in the programme. Now, as neither of these last-named singers has ever had to make an excuse for non-appearance since his or her first arrival in England, it is rather hard that they should be made to suffer for the maladies of a vocalist with whom health has unfortunately of late been quite an exceptional state. We are not of those who believe that Mr. Sims Reeves ever feigns illness. I. is not likely that any sane person would invent a reason for not receiving a certain number of £10 notes; but it is possible that Mr. Reeves may have too great a regard for his own personal convenience, and that he may cultivate his reputation (by not risking it) to an excessive degree. We have said that Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini can always sing. It is true that they have excellent health, but it must happen to both of them to be occasionally indisposed; and we suppose, therefore, that a slight indisposition does not prevent either of them from singing. Actually, on Thursday night, at Gloucester, when for the third time during the festival an apology was made for Mr. Sims Reeves, Mdlle. Titiens was so evidently unwell that her friends advised her strongly not to sing; but she would not hear of any excuse, and, ill as she was, went through the whole of the scene from the "Puritani" rather than disappoint the public. Mario, too, often sings when the state of his health will not permit him to do his best, and we fancy that Mr. Sims Reeves, if he were not so careful about doing himself full justice, might sometimes get through his music very creditably on occasions when, rather than incur the chance of anything like a failure, he abstains even from making the attempt. However, as a question of strict justice, it cannot be denied that the vocalist has a right to please himself as to whether he shall or shall not sing. Let him husband his resources as much as he thinks fit; but if he is determined never to attempt the simplest ballad unless he is in sufficiently good voice to go through the part of Raoul in the "Huguenots," he should take care that whenever his name is printed in the announcement of a concert it is followed by some conditional clause similar to the "weather permitting" of ship-lists. While on the subject of Mr. Sims Reeves and his frequent indisposition, we may here call attention to a protest, published in the *Morning Herald*, against a wide-spread calumny which attributes habits of intemperance not only to Mr. Sims Reeves but also to Signor Mario. It would be curious to trace the origin of such falsehoods as these, in which there is not only no foundation for the assertion, but excellent foundation for its exact contrary. And now farewell to Mr. Sims Reeves in the character of a valetudinarian. May he soon be restored to perfect health, and make no excuses for himself nor need any from his friends.

To sum up the good and bad points in the recent festival, we may mention that a most interesting selection of sacred music, consisting of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Spohr's "Last Judgment," was performed on one of the four days at the Cathedral, and that the evening concerts were (for a Londoner) too much like the miscellaneous concerts of which one has to sit out such a prodigious number in the metropolis during the season. "Elijah" and "The Messiah" were less efficiently performed than at Exeter Hall, in consequence chiefly of the incompetency of Mr. Amott, the conductor. A contemporary mentions that at the Bradford Festival an enthusiastic little boy went up to Mr. Costa after the last concert, and begged he would give him his fûton as a memento of the entertainment. Mr. Costa at once complied with the child's request; and at Gloucester happening to think of this interesting little incident, we could not help wishing that some ardent lover of music had contrived to deprive Mr. Amott of his wand, not after, but before, the festival.

One of the causes of Mr. Amott's remarkable inefficiency is apparent enough, and into the other we need scarcely trouble ourselves to inquire. At the Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford festivals the cathedral organists are respectively Mr. Amott, Mr. Townshend Smith, and Mr. Done. Each of these gentlemen has an opportunity of conducting an orchestra once in three years, on the occasion of the annual festival of the United Choirs, which is held by turns in each of the three cities we have named, but during the rest of the triennium never takes the bâton in hand. Accordingly, if Messrs. Amott, Smith, and Done possessed the greatest natural qualification for the office of conductor, their very inexperience would unfit them for it. As it is, the orchestra and chorus are misdirected, and the solo singers "put out," in every sense of the word, at each of the festivals of the United Choirs, whether at Hereford, Worcester, or Gloucester. For this crying evil it is time that some remedy were found. With such excellent troops, it is not lamentable that there should be a commander who only knows how to throw them into confusion?

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have issued their prospectus for the season, which will commence on the 6th of October. The programme contains no information beyond that which we were able to give our readers some weeks since. We may here repeat, however, that Mdlle. Parepa is engaged (it is said that she will appear in several translations of Italian operas, and that she is at present endeavouring to master the curious English of "The Troubadour"); that Mr. Weiss will be replaced by Mr. Santley; and Miss Susan Pyne

by Miss Pilling, a contralto, from Yorkshire, the county of beautiful voices. It has been stated that the "Royal English Opera" will open with "Dinorah;" but this appears to us improbable. For the first few nights "Satanella," or "The Rose of Castile," or "The Crown Diamonds" (especially "The Crown Diamonds"), would be attractive enough, and "Dinorah" will be given sufficiently early for managerial purposes if it is not produced until the middle of October.

To-night (Saturday) a series of operatic performances will be commenced at the Standard Theatre, with Mr. Sims Reeves in the tenor part. The first work on the list is the "Lucia," which in Shoreditch will be a decided novelty.

WRECK OF A JERSEY MAIL PACKET.

EARLY on Tuesday morning the mail-packet *Express* left Jersey for Guernsey and Weymouth, having on board nearly two hundred passengers and three horses. The vessel was under the command of Mr. Mabb, chief mate, the captain, Mr. Harvey, being too unwell to take charge of the ship. When off the Corbière the vessel hugged the land so closely that some of the passengers remarked on it, but no notice was taken of their observations. Mr. Hamson, deputy harbour-master of St. Helier's, declared that he had often made the trip and had never known any vessel attempt the cut they were then making. These words had scarcely been spoken when the *Express* struck on a rock called the "Grues Houillères." Great consternation arose, but Mabb said "it was nothing, and all would be right." A second shock was now felt, and Mabb for the first time seemed to understand that the ship was in danger. To extricate the ship from her position he endeavoured to get her into deep water again, and to run her on the sandy beach of St. Brelade's Bay.

Fortunately, the *Express* is built in compartments, and, having struck on her port bow, the water had not reached her engines, which were still manageable. Mr. Hamson, assisted by Mr. Brett, a boatman of St. Helier's, who took the helm, drove the ship into a snug berth on some rocks a very short distance from the mainland. The next thing was to see to the landing of the passengers, which was accomplished by Mr. Hamson, assisted by the second mate of the *Express*, who is said to have exhibited great activity and judgment.

Three persons, however, lost their lives in endeavouring to get into a boat which had been lowered shortly after the disaster. The rest of the passengers were landed by the steamer's boats, plying between the rock and the shore. The three horses were saved by swimming to the rocks.

The *Express* may possibly be got off, unless a southerly wind should spring up, and then she must become a wreck.

Mabb is arrested, we believe; and an investigation will take place, when we shall hear why Mabb selected a passage never attempted by any other vessel.

The three bodies have been found; those of a woman and two men—Philippe Coudray, of the Star Hotel, St. Peter's, Jersey, and that of an English gentleman, who had his wife and daughter on board. He imagined that a boat had been lowered, let himself down by a rope, and fell into the water.

THE OUTBREAK IN MOROCCO.

THE screw-steamer *Milite*, Captain Langlands, which arrived on Saturday from the Levant and the Mediterranean, brought among her passengers from Gibraltar Mr. Peter Barrow, British Vice-Consul of Rabat and Salée. In the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of the 8th we find a statement respecting affairs in Morocco, furnished by that gentleman:—

Towards the end of August much feeling of alarm and inquietude manifested itself among the inhabitants of Rabat and Salée, in consequence of the illness and rumoured death of the Sultan of Fez and the Emperor of Morocco. As this feeling increased daily, the Christians naturally shared it largely; and on the 3rd of September, at six a.m., a small fleet sailed from the port with a party of British officers, who had, most inopportunistly, chosen the present time for a pleasure-trip, also the son of the Government contractor, and the family of the French acting Vice-Consul. There remained only one felucca in the port, which the British Vice-Consul immediately freighted, with the condition that she should remain five days under his orders. Three hours after the departure of the first felucca intelligence arrived that Salée was in the hands of Zamoors and Kabyles; that the kaid's house was surrounded, and that he had been massacred (this last intelligence is still doubtful, though probable)—*per ad culpam*—for he took no precaution for guarding the gates. At Rabat every shop was closed—all the worst houses of "saints and madmen" were filled with Arabs armed—*an* some signal for pillage, &c., was hourly expected. The British Consul's soldiers told him they dared not remain with him, having probably received some intelligence of the intentions of the rebels. Seven armed Moors were stationed on the top of his house, and seven at the door. Terror reigned everywhere; and at three p.m. Mr. Barrow sent to the French Vice-Consul and all Christians, urging them to embark instantly. This was done, in spite of an evident effort to prevent it. A paper was written in English, French, and Spanish, signed by the two Consuls, to be given to the Port Officer when the vessel was clear of the bar, stating that "all the Christians have left Rabat." The British flag was left lying, and also that of the French, on the housetops of the two Consulates, with orders (!) that they should never be removed. As soon as the whole party reached the courtyard of the Customs the large doors were instantly closed and barred, and Mr. Barrow had the happy privilege of seeing every Christian embark before he stepped into the boat, the French Vice-Consul, who immediately preceded him, yielding that enviable and honoured post to his senior officer. On the 1st of September a number of Mr. Matteo's bullocks were stolen; and on the same day some Arab, hearing of the "pleasure party" of Christians, remarked with regret, "We have lost a good chance; six Christians have passed on the road without our seeing them."

There has been a combat of cavalry between the French and Moors on the frontier of Morocco, in which the advantage remained with the former. Previously to this affair the Moors had attacked some French outposts, and been repulsed, but they had managed to surprise a party of French cavalry, for whose discomfiture revenge has now been taken.

The Moors have also made regular assaults on the garrisons occupying the Spanish possessions. An appeal to the Moorish Emperor for redress is said to have been answered by a recommendation to the Spanish Government to take the law into its own hands, and this advice the Spaniards are preparing to follow. A division of 12,000 troops—being a force as great as that said to be proceeding from France against China—is already under orders, and nearly 30,000 more, we are told, will be ready to follow if circumstances should require the augmentation. The naval branch of the expedition is so powerfully organised that the first corps-d'armée can be transported with all its material from Europe to Africa in a single day.

BLONDIEN AGAIN.—The Canadian journals just received contain further narratives of the rope-walking feats of the mysterious M. Blondin. The story this time is that he has crossed the falls at night. A line light was attached to each end of his balancing-pole, but when he was halfway across the lights were extinguished by the wind, and the rest of the passage was made in the dark. The same accounts say he will make another ascension on September 9, when "he will eclipse all his former efforts on the rope. He will cross from the American to the Canadian side with his feet in baskets, and in returning will perform all his wonderful and astonishing feats with a chair." It would thus seem that Blondin is not a myth; but, on the other hand, we read in the *Buffalo Express*:—"The bag has been opened, and the cat let loose. A matter-of-fact conscientious rascal of Niagara Falls has 'peached on his pals,' and confessed the whole game practised by the hotel keepers, railroad companies, hackmen, lemonade-vendors, and professionals of the Falls on the credulity of the American and Canadian public. How cheap everybody will feel, to be sure! but there is consolation in the fact that there are no exceptions to the universal victimisation. Our readers, none of whom have probably been to the Falls in any of the Blondin occasions, know the whole truth of the matter. We undertake no apology for our part in the joke, but it strikes us that everybody owes everybody a hat, and we are ready at all times during office hours to throw one on."

BRITISH VESSEL FIRED INTO BY THE SPANIARDS.—The schooner *Jeany Lind*, Captain Toozood, put into Lagos Bay, Portugal, on the 1st of September, through stress of weather, and reports that, in coming through the Gut of Gibraltar, and while passing Trifa, she was fired into by the Spaniards. The shot struck the starboard gangway rail, went through both beams, and carried away the port rail. Fortunately no lives were lost.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

It is stated on the part of the men that the masters are showing signs of a disposition to withdraw from the strike. The names of the men having withdrawn it are—Aldin, Kensington; Jackson and Sons, Westminster; Poole; Bevis; Foster; Temple; Patrick and Sons, Westminster-road; and Hall and Sons. All our inquiries go to show that by the greater part of the men who were locked out on the 6th of August, or probably about 6000, still hold out, though daily opportunities have been afforded them of resuming work during the last week. On the first week of the lock-out about 12,000 men were thrown out of employment. Nearly 7000 of these participated in the dividend dispensed at the Paviors Arms last Monday, and it is presumed that the other 5000 have been during the last six weeks finding work in the country, or been gradually absorbed into the service of the immense number of builders in the metropolis who, not belonging to the Association of master builders, did not suspend their operations during the lock-out. It is calculated that about 1000 of the operatives on strike have found employment in one or other of those ways, without being asked to accede to the declaration, during the last week, and these men, instead of being recipients of, will henceforth be contributors to, the funds collected by the Conference at the Paviors Arms in aid of the men who are still left to maintain the struggle.

Apres of reducing the hours of labour, a new agitation in another extensive field of metropolitan industry has just commenced, calculated to throw ridicule on the nine hours movement, though that is not at all the object of it. What will the committee at the Paviors Arms say to the operative bakers starting a *ten* hours movement? The fact is so, nevertheless, for "a demonstration" with that view took place on Saturday, at Poplar New-town, and with some prospect of the men succeeding, seeing that several master bakers took part in the proceedings, and spoke in favour of the fairness and propriety of the demand.

FATAL EXPLOSIONS.

FOUR persons lost their lives on Tuesday by the explosion of the boiler of an agricultural machine at Lewes Great Sheep-fair. The engine rose from the ground amid a cloud of steam and smoke, ashes and water, and dashed a distance of about thirty yards, in the direction of the sheep-pens, when it struck the ground, and, turning over, was forced with violence for a further space of ten yards, finally alighting in a corner of a pen of sheep. Alarmed by the noise, a crowd of persons from all quarters of the fair rushed to the spot, where a terrible scene presented itself. J. Gold, the engineer, was lying near the engine, in a lifeless condition. Near him were three other men in a similar state; others were thrown down and more or less injured and confused. A colt belonging to Mr. Hilder, of Horsted Keynes, which was being exhibited for sale by his son, was struck, and the animal, as well as the young man, killed. Two sheep were killed and several others injured, the boiler part of the engine having fallen on them.

A terrible explosion occurred on board the *Foxy* tug, in Kingroad, Shirehampton. Some lives have been lost, and several men have been seriously if not fatally injured. At the time of the explosion she was lying alongside the bark *Ant*, bound for Quebec. The tug was literally blown to atoms. The crew were five in number. The fireman, John Case, is missing; a boy named George Rogers, aged sixteen, was blown on board the *Ant*, and has since been removed in a very precarious state to the Bristol Royal Infirmary. The mate, name unknown, was picked up on a piece of the floating wreck, comparatively uninjured. The engineer is missing, and there is little doubt but that he has perished.—A collision occurred at Sandbed Point, in the River Avon, the same morning between the *Foxley* Wexford steam-packet and the *Monkey* steam-tug, by which the latter was sunk. The crew were rescued.

"GARIBOLDI'S ENGLISHMAN."—Our readers probably remember the paragraphs which went the round of the papers during the war in Northern Italy respecting an Englishman attached to General Garibaldi's corps-d'armée. Terrible stories were told of his coolness, his accuracy of aim, and the sportsmanlike view he took of the war. He now writes to defend himself, dating his letter from Garibaldi's headquarters. He says: "An extract from the *Daily News* has been sent to me from England, containing such gross falsehoods regarding me that I shall feel obliged if you will insert this my denial of the statements there made. I had the honour of being acquainted with the accredited correspondent of that journal in Brescia. He knows, as far as he is concerned, that they are false; and, more than this, I declare the writer knew them to be so at the time he penned those lines. 1st. 'Whenever he had killed an Austrian he was seen to mark him down in his pocket-book.' 2nd. 'He was kind enough to show me his book.' No. 2 is a gross and wilful falsehood. I never marked down any Austrian either 'dead' or 'uncertain,' and never showed any one 'my book,' for one simple reason, that I had none to show. 3rd. 'He assured me he professes the utmost indifference to the cause of Italian independence.' This is as false as the rest. I have never expressed any feeling but one of devotion to the cause of suffering Italy. Had such been the case I should scarcely have come 700 or 800 miles to join General Garibaldi's corps, I have followed him on foot from the banks of the Po to the shores of the Lago di Garda, and afterwards to the Stelvio, and exposed my life in every one of his engagements, not only to the Austrian bullets, but also to an Austrian halberd, for the 6th *Deutsche Post* announced that I should be hanged if made prisoner. 4th. 'He is like one of those Italian conductors of the middle ages who made war for pleasure, without inquiring whether the cause he served was the wrong or the right one.' Not only is the oppression and tyranny of the Austrian rule such that in England it can neither be conceived nor credited, but the gross brutalities exercised towards the persons of the Italians of both sexes are such as to be execrated by all civilised nations. It has been my pride to carry my rifle in the ranks of the Italian army, and still greater to have served under and won the friendship of such a man as Giuseppe Garibaldi. I have followed my General through the plains and mountains of Upper Italy, and will continue to follow him as long as he draws his sword for this noble-hearted people. Take all the rest of his devoted followers, it is to me indifferent whether his camp is on the mountain or the plain, on the banks of the Tienro or the Po, the Arno or the Tiber. He has only to say 'Avanti,' and the cry that has so often carried panic into the enemy's ranks, 'Viva Garibaldi!' will rise from our hearts through the hills and vales of Italy.—JOHN W. PEARCE, (Inglese con Garibaldi.)

A STRANGE STORY.—It is reported that early in August last the Bishop of London received two letters signed by "A Parishioner," which alleged that the Rev. J. Bonwell, Rector of St. Philip's Church, Stepney, had kept a young lady in an apartment in the schoolhouse adjoining the church; that on the 11th of that month Dr. Gadeny of Finsbury was called to attend her there, and that, the lady being born, the doctor's assistant procured a nurse for her. Three or four days after (on the 15th) the Rector engaged apartments for the lady at an hotel in Southwark. On Saturday, the 3rd of September, the child died, and that same day the Rev. Mr. Bonwell called on a Mr. Ayers, an undertaker, presented him with a certificate of the child's death, and bade him bury the child as quickly as possible. The child was buried, not in a separate coffin, but was surreptitiously placed in the coffin of an adult, named Elizabeth Haycock, whose funeral Mr. Ayers performed on the 4th of September, at the Tower Hamlets Cemetery. The Bishop communicated with the police. They discovered that the young lady had been living with the Rector at Southwark. He is a married man, but had introduced himself to the young lady as a widower. Next, the body of Elizabeth Haycock was exhumed, and the body of the deceased child was found lying with it in the same coffin. The body of the child is to undergo surgical and chemical examination.

MANURE-POISONING CROCK.—Dr. Edmund Davy, Professor of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society, has made some startling statements, denying the result of certain experiments. He states positively that arsenic as it exists in different artificial manures (such as the superphosphate) will be taken up by plants growing where those manures had been applied. He found this to be the case with cabbages; and turnips taken from fields in which superphosphate had been used gave the most unmistakable evidence of having been arsenicated. The facts thus collected appear to Dr. Davy to have some important bearings, for "though the quantity of arsenic which occurs in such manures is not large when compared with their other constituents, and the proportion of that substance which is introduced to the soil must be still smaller, still plants may accumulate it, and in the case of the alkaline and earthy salts, take up a considerable quantity of this substance, though its proportion in the soil may be but very small. Further, as arsenic is well known to be an accumulating poison, by the continued use of vegetables containing even a minute proportion of arsenic that substance may collect in the system till its amount may exercise an injurious effect on the health of man and animals."

LAW AND CRIME.

A STRANGE STORY of a beadle has just come to light. It appears that for some time past various articles have been missed from the pews of St. Michael's Church, Chester-square. Church services have vanished by the score, with articles of wearing apparel, scent-bottles, and purses. It has also been remarked that the contents of the poor-box have been subject to strange fluctuations. Thus, when the churchwarden, after finding upon inspection only a few pence in the box, and leaving them there, to save the trouble of a trifling entry in the parochial books, returned a few days subsequently, he found the poor-box perfectly empty. A lady dropped a half-sovereign through the proper opening, and the coin, when afterwards inquired for, could not be found. Money was then marked and deposited in the box, but was nevertheless not found there after being left for a day or two. Two policemen were then concealed in the building to watch the proceedings of the suspected depredators. After morning service on Sunday last, at about half-past two o'clock, the beadle was seen to enter the church, the door of which he bolted after him. He then rattled the money-box, and, finding it to contain coin, brought out from a cupboard in the church a chisel, hammer, and glue-pot. The iron fancy scrollwork clamping the box was, at about two inches from the bottom of the receptacle, secured only by two small nails, which were at once drawn by the chisel. The bottom itself was easily prised open by the same implement, and was then cleared of the coin deposited. Then a wax taper was lit, the glue warmed, the box bottom replaced and glued together, and the nails reinserted. Having completed this little arrangement, the beadle slipped the money into his pocket, and turned round to encounter the two policemen who, after attentively regarding his proceedings, had quietly stolen up to his shoulder. The dismay of the pre-daceous Bumble may be imagined. Like most of the meanest class of sneaks, he sought refuge in vile hypocrisy, by falling on his knees and praying for "assistance" from Him whose house he was detected in plundering. This, however, did not stand him in much stead with the police, by whom he was taken to Westminster for examination by Mr. Arnold, by whom he has been remanded.

A charge of immorality, to which we need not here further allude, having been made against an East-end clergyman, has caused certain investigations, which have produced an exposure not merely horrible, but still more horribly suggestive. It appears that an infant was born to a lady friend of the reverend gentleman; Dr. Godfrey, of Finsbury-square, being the medical attendant. That within a month afterwards the child died, when its decease from natural causes duly certified. The body was given to an undertaker, with instructions to bury it, *here and when he thought fit*. This commission the undertaker executed, for the sum of eighteen shillings, by the abominable contrivance of slipping the infantile corpse into the coffin of a deceased woman who happened at the time to be one of the economical undertaker's subjects. But for the curious circumstances attending the connection of the clergyman with the matter, the child might have rested by the side of this cold stranger until the revelation of the deepest secrets of the grave. It is now only a week or two since that the public was taught how to commit infanticide with impunity by simply delivering innocent nurslings to women thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar "duties" to be expected of them, and directed to bring up the poor babies "by hand." The simple denial of natural nutriment will destroy, silently and "naturally," any infant who does not survive by miracle. To the ingenious undertaker of Redcross-street, Southwark, we owe the discovery how to dispose of the bodies with the greatest ease, economy, and secrecy—of course, provided only that the requisite certificates be procured.

In our last week's police intelligence was narrated an application to a magistrate by a Mr. Hall with reference to a *qui tam* action brought against him by the notorious Stowell, common informer. Perhaps an explanation of the nature of this action may be desirable for the information of some of our readers. By certain statutes, now chiefly obsolete or repealed, the penalties directed to be payable for the offences therein specified were directed to be recoverable by action at common law to be brought by any common informer. The form of the declaration, when pleadings were still in Latin (namely, up to the time of George II.), was by the plaintiff *qui tam* ("who as much") for himself as in the interest of public morals sued the defendant in the prospect of a moiety of the penalty recovered. The system proved to be more provocative than remedial of evil by the inducements it held out for the gratification of private malice, and for the encouragement of perjury and extortion. One of the last of the unrepented *qui tam* statutes is that referring to public concert-rooms, which are thereby enacted to be illegal unless duly licensed. The fellow Stowell appears to have been lately prowling about beer-shops and public-houses where pianos are occasionally used for the entertainment of the guests, and, having obtained evidence of the fact, has issued and served writs against the proprietors. It is said that several have compromised the matter by payment of sums of money. By an advertisement in a daily contemporary we perceive that a public meeting of tradesmen is to be called to take measures to stop this system. The intended victims need not fear. The actions, if defended, are not likely to be carried to trial; for, about six years since, an action of this kind was tried in the Court of Exchequer, and it was then distinctly decided that a publican who simply allows music in his house without making a charge for admission, is not liable to the penalties imposed by the statute.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY OF HOUSES.—Thomas Thompson, aged twenty-seven, was convicted of stealing six stoves and other articles (fixtures), the property of Alfred Withers, from a dwelling-house. The prisoner, it was stated by a police-sergeant, to whom he had been known for fifteen years, was one of a gang who got into possession of houses by false references, and immediately stripped them of everything that could be turned into money at a marine store-shop. The same gang had been concerned in a sham "Commercial Loan Office," and lived entirely by swindling. A woman in court volunteered to give evidence as to the prisoner's good character, and the first thing she told the jury, before the verdict was given, was, that she knew he had been before convicted, and sentenced to two months, for stealing a copper from a house just after he had taken it. He was also caught in the act of distilling. Prisoner was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

OMNIBUS ROBBERY.—Henry Thompson, a man convicted last session of picking the pocket of a female in an omnibus belonging to the London General Omnibus Company, was brought up for judgment. Sentence was deferred to allow the officers an opportunity of finding out, if they could, anything of the prisoner's former character, as it was not doubted that the adroit manner in which this robbery was committed, the prisoner was an experienced pickpocket. It seemed, however, that he was new to the metropolis, nothing could be ascertained of him, and he had refused to give any account of himself or where he came from. Mr. Cressy said if any former conviction had been proved against the prisoner it would have been his duty to sentence him to penal servitude for a long term of years. Treating this even as a first offence, it was one of a very serious character; and, for the protection of the public riding in these conveyances, all such offences would be treated with severity. The sentence upon the prisoner was twelve months' hard labour.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Charlotte Morris, thirty-one, married, was indicted for feloniously attempting to commit suicide. She pleaded guilty. It appeared that she was taken into custody for drunkenness, and while locked up at the police station in Pittfield-street attempted to strangle herself by tightening a handkerchief round her neck. When she was discovered she was black in the face, but the handkerchief having been removed she recovered. After that she made another attempt, with a piece of braid which she had torn from her dress. When she was taken before the magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, she said she was in liquor when it occurred, and did not know what she was doing. The learned Judge, after a very kindly admonition as to her future conduct, sentenced her to six months' hard labour. The prisoner said she should do it yet.

A NICE PAIR.—Thomas Suter, thirty-two, described as a baker, but well known to the police as "The Thieves' Lawyer," and Thomas Lee, a returned convict, were indicted for stealing a purse and 18s. from Charlotte Yates. They pleaded guilty. Lockyer, the officer of the House of Correction, Collyer, put in a long list of convictions against Suter, extending over a period of fourteen years. He had served one sentence of four years' penal servitude. Lee was known by the nickname of "The Rabbit," from his dexterity in thieving and getting away. Suter was sentenced to six, and Lee to three, years' penal servitude.

ASSAULTING A POLICE-CONSTABLE.—George Lawrence, twenty, was indicted for assaulting and inflicting grievous bodily harm upon Peter Lutman, a police-constable, in the execution of his duty. A man named Dunham was included in the indictment, but was not in custody. A man, it appeared, was given into the charge of the police, when the prisoner and the other person assaulted them, and rescued the accused. The policemen were kicked and much beaten with sticks. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the learned Judge sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Jane Hutton, aged twenty-six, married, was indicted for having in her possession counterfeit coin.

It appeared that upon the afternoon of Sunday, the 4th of this month, two police-inspectors went to the house kept by the prisoner, the White Horse, Baldwin's-gardens, Gray's Inn-lane. Having obtained admittance, they saw the prisoner, and, upon telling her what they came about, she said she did not know of there being any in the house, and went part of the way upstairs after the constables, but suddenly ran back into the bar, and took up a bag, which the constables obtained after a struggle, and in that and a drawer which the prisoner tried to close they found two counterfeit sovereigns and twenty-two half-sovereigns, crowns, half-crowns, florins, and shillings, all counterfeit, representing the value of £25. The prisoner then said that if the constables went to the house of Jack Burns they would find what they had come after, and that she did not know where they were made until the previous day, and that they had been made in a street in Camberwell. The husband of the prisoner was, it appeared, now in gaol under convictions for felony. Mr. T. Atkinson contended that there was no evidence to establish a felonious intent upon the part of the prisoner in possessing the counterfeit coin. The jury immediately acquitted the prisoner.

POLICE.

RELIGIOUS DISTURBANCES.—A gentleman residing at Peckham was charged with disturbing a congregation who had met to hear a Baptist minister preach in the open air.

It appeared that the deacons of a Baptist congregation some time ago purchased a piece of ground in Park-road, Peckham, for the purpose of building a chapel on it, and having fenced it in they have commenced preaching there on Sundays and week days. The doctrines enunciated give great offence to a number of persons in the neighbourhood, many of whom are of the lower orders of Irish, and are Catholics. Crowds of people assemble round the spot and play musical instruments, and make all sorts of noises to disturb the congregation. The present complaint was made by Mr. Henry Potter, a nurseryman, in Oxford-street, who said that he had accompanied the Baptist clergyman to the ground on Sunday last, and had found about forty or fifty persons assembled there, making various noises. The defendant was one of those who had used disgusting language to him when he tried to stop the noise.

The defendant produced two witnesses, who proved an alibi; and the complainant upon this said he would not swear to the identity of the defendant.

The complaint was then dismissed. It was stated by a gentleman in court that the disturbances constantly taking place on account of this open-air preaching were of a very serious nature, and it was feared that something worse would take place. The police had been applied to, but they could not interfere with private property.

Mr. Elliott said he had no power to interfere. The police were the proper parties to prevent any disturbance.

THE KENSINGTON PIGGERIES.—Joseph Wilney, for many years a pig-keeper in the Potteries, Kensington, was summoned before Mr. Paynter, at the instance of the vestry of the parish, for having his premises in such a state as to be a nuisance and injurious to health.

It may be well to mention that the Potteries is a noted locality for pig-keeping, and has been the filthy abode of the keepers of swine for more than half a century, but of late the neighbourhood has been surrounded by large, handsome dwellings at Notting-hill. For the last few years the authorities have used their utmost endeavours to obtain a removal of the nuisance. Numerous summonses have been taken out at this court, and the place has been inspected by professors and doctors, to prove the unhealthy condition of the neighbourhood, but both the inhabitants and the pigs remain. The vestry, finding that their efforts have been unsuccessful, have adopted another course, and intend to proceed against the inhabitants for constructional works. The present case was the first selected. The premises were proved to be in a very unwholesome state by the medical officer of health and the sanitary inspector.

Mr. Woolf said his client was a very poor man, and he could not account for the vestry selecting him, when his place was kept much cleaner than a great many others in the locality.

Mr. Green said the defendant was selected as his place was the worst. The others would be summoned in their turn.

Mr. Woolf then addressed the Bench at some length, and argued that, as London had grown out of town, and had come to reside close to that locality, the inhabitants ought not to be prevented from following their mode of living.

Mr. D'Eyncourt pathos with the poor pig-keepers, and said he believed it had not been for the springing up of the fine houses in the neighbourhood they would not have been interfered with. He had inspected the place, and it certainly had all the appearance of being one of the lumber-shops of London. He should make an order for the number of pigs to be limited to ten, the pig-sties to be cleaned and paved, the rubbish to be carried away, and the number of wash-tubs to be reduced from twelve to four. He was sorry to have to make that order, but both himself and the parish were bound to do their duty.

FRANCOISE CONDUCT OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.—Richard W. Barlow, described as a medical student, was charged with having endeavoured, by false representations, to obtain £100 from Mr. Reese, pawnbroker.

It appeared that the prisoner, on the 15th of April last, offered to Mr. Reese a bar of what he alleged to be gold, of about 25 carats weight, on the loan of which he required £100. The prisoner was told to call again, and that in the mean time the metal should be tested. The bar was then broken in two, when the greater portion of it was found to consist of platinum. The prisoner did not call for it after this, and Mr. Reese thereupon gave information to the police. On the 8th inst. the prisoner was recognised while walking along Fore-street by a young man, who pointed him out to an inspector of the City police. The inspector asked him if his name was Barlow, and he said "Yes." He then told him what he was accused of, and the prisoner said, "I did leave such a bar there, but merely wanted to obtain the amount of its value." He afterwards said he did not call again, because he was fearful of being taken on a writ; that he was very sorry for what he had done, and had never had a happy moment since the affair.

Evidence was given by a chief cashier at a gold-refiner's, who produced several letters written by the defendant, in which orders were given for five bars of platinum, which were delivered to him at his residence, No. 12, Paddington-green.

The police officer said that there were other similar charges which would be brought against the prisoner, who had succeeded in obtaining large sums of money from pawnbrokers, by offering bars purporting to be of gold.—The prisoner was remanded.

SATIRE IN SPITALFIELDS.—A pretty young woman applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt for advice and assistance. She stated that her name was Richardson, and that she supported her father with the profits from a small confectionery business in Spitalfields. He was a very old man, and had foolishly written a letter requesting to be accepted as a tutor to the daughter of a tradesman in the neighbourhood. The young lady in question declined the proposal, and here the matter might have quietly terminated, but unfortunately the offer, absurd as it was, had manifestly not only given great offence, but aroused a spirit of retaliation which was hourly injuring the applicant's business. Posters and handbills were freely circulated, bringing crowds around the shop, not to purchase, but to jeer and create riot. To prevent a breach of the peace, and the destruction of property, for the mob threatened to smash the window front, she sought protection.

Mr. D'Eyncourt asked to see some of the bills, and two were handed up, thus worded:—

"Notice.—Young persons desiring a youthful partner for life should call on Mr. R., confectioner, 21, Brick-lane, Spitalfields."

"Important Notice.—To be seen alive, at the Confectionery, 21, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, a wild boar, the greatest resemblance to a pig ever known. Open for public inspection at the above address, commencing Monday next, the 19th inst. Hours of admission from six till ten."

Mr. D'Eyncourt, having perused the above, said that he would send a caution to the parties; the proceeding on their part, however greatly they had been irritated, was unjustifiable, and unworthy any respectable tradesman.

Gez, the warrant officer, was dispatched with authority to warn the persons complained of against a continuation of the annoyance.

CHILD-STRIPPING.—Elizabeth Morris, a young woman, was charged before Mr. Beadon as follows:—

Charles Cole, a detective, said that having heard that a child had been robbed of its clothes he went to No. 2, Marlborough-court, Carnaby-street, and asked for the prisoner in the name of Elizabeth Tatham, a name she sent by, and on seeing her took her into custody, telling her that she was charged with robbing a child of its clothes on Saturday. He then took her to the mother of the child, and immediately the child saw her she began crying. On the way to the station the prisoner said she would tell the truth; she had taken the child's clothes, being very "hard up." On asking what she had done with them, she said she had sold some of the things in Dudley-street, and pawned the boots the child had on at Aldis's, in Berwick-street. There were several other cases against the prisoner.

The mother of the little girl said her daughter, four years of age, was out playing on Saturday, when she was found by a police constable in Vine-street, completely stripped. The boots produced she had on at the time she left home.

An assistant, named Weymouth, in the employ of Mr. Aldis, pawnbroker, of Berwick-street, produced the boots, and said they were pledged by the prisoner for 5s.

The prisoner, against whom several other charges were ready to be preferred, numerous parents being present for the purpose, was then remanded till Monday next.

Several of the parents complained bitterly of the prisoner's heartlessness in stripping their children, and leaving them in that condition in the streets.

WHICH IS TRUE?—Emma Dutton was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with stealing a crossed cheque.

Mr. Alexander Delour, described on the police-sheet as a stockbroker, residing in the neighbourhood of the New North-road, but who observed he was not so engaged, stated that the prisoner had recently been employed to clean and act as occasional servant in his house; that on Wednesday last a cheque for £3, payable at the Commercial Bank, was safe in the pocket of a waistcoat hanging in a room where she was engaged; and that after her departure it was missed. Inquiry elicited the fact of her having, on the same day, procured cash for it at a public-house in the neighbourhood. He therefore gave her in charge.

Mr. Finch, landlord of the Admiral Keppel, High-street, Hoxton, proved that prisoner had changed the cheque, alleging that it was for prosecutor.

The prisoner admitted all this, and positively asserted that Mr. Delour had not only given her the cheque to be so cashed, but that she had actually returned him the proceeds.

Mr. Delour in turn denied this, and the following little colloquy ensued:—

Mr. D'Eyncourt.—How long have you known the prisoner?

Prosecutor.—About ten years. We lived together, and she left me in October, 1857. Many things were missed during the time, and I have done all I could for her.

Prisoner, bursting into tears, and covering her face, here observed: "I lived with him ten years."

Mr. D'Eyncourt.—How old are you now?

Prisoner.—Twenty-nine, Sir.

Mr. D'Eyncourt.—Have you any family?

Prisoner.—Oh no, Sir. To prosecutor: "Oh, you cruel man!"—Mr. D'Eyncourt: I must remand you.

CHARGE OF PERJURY.—William Stafford was charged, at the instance of Mr. Fowles, a stockbroker at Glasgow, with having committed perjury in an affidavit sworn in the Court of Common Pleas, to enable him to defend an action on a bill of exchange.

The affidavit is to the effect that the bill of exchange had been accepted by Stafford, at the request of Fowles, for his accommodation, and upon the understanding that an account between them which the latter had closed without his knowledge should be reopened. For the prosecution these allegations were denied.

Mr. Fowles's evidence was to the effect that he had had transactions with prisoner, commencing in the year 1854. That he had suffered losses by such transactions, until the whole loss amounted to £501 10s. 3d. He then closed the account, and refused to reopen it. Defendant promised to make up the loss, and paid £100 on account, giving bills for the remaining £401 10s. 3d., which were renewed from time to time, with renewed promises of payment. In one letter he said, "I have never repudiated the debt, or attempted to evade payment; but the fact is I could not pay it." An action was ultimately brought on one of these bills, and it was in answer to that action he put in the above-mentioned affidavit, ending with the assertion that he had a good defence on the merits.

In a lengthy cross-examination, a letter was put in which Mr. Fowles informs his London agent, Mr. Porter, that if Stafford does not pay the money he (Fowles) will, before his liberation from prison, use every means to send him back there, which "one plea" will enable him to do.

Mr. Henry thought this amounted to a proposal of compromise.

Prosecutor had no such intention. The letter only referred to civil proceedings, as at the time he wrote it he had no intention of prosecuting for perjury.

After some controversy, Mr. Henry said the case had better stand over, in order that Mr. Robinson might consider whether it was of any use to proceed further, in the face of a letter which the jury would probably interpret as an attempt "to put the screw on" by threatening this prosecution. It was clear Mr. Robinson was taken by surprise by the production of this letter, the existence of which had been very imprudently concealed from him by his client.

Adjourned accordingly.

GROSS OUTRAGE BY A GUARDSMAN.—James Giblin, a private of the Coldstream Guards, was charged with assault upon two of Messrs. Elliott and Watney's draymen, in which he was aided by a comrade, who, however, could not be identified.

The evidence adduced went to show that complainant, John Newman, was putting beer into the cellar at the Old Star and Crown, Broadway, Westminster, when, on turning one of the horses round, defendant and comrade, who crossed from the other side of the road, inquired whether he wanted to knock them down, and the former immediately struck Newman, and attempted to throw him down the cellar, but was prevented by the bystanders. William May, the other drayman, then picked up his mate, who lay bleeding on the ground, when defendant also attacked him, aided by the second soldier spoken of. The draymen were also kicked by other soldiers who came around them.

Defendant said he had had a little drink, and the brewers' horse went against him, then Newman threatened to knock him down with the whip, upon which a fight ensued between them.

It having been clearly proved that the drayman had not a whip, and that defendant was ordinarily well-conducted when sober,

Mr. Arnold said the defendant's conduct had been unprovoked, cowardly, and disgraceful; and he was sorry to say that the private soldiers in that district were, by their misconduct, becoming a perfect nuisance.

Defendant was fined 40s. and costs, and in default committed for one month.

A WICKED APPRENTICE.—John Walker, 16, was brought up on a warrant, charged with absconding from his apprenticeship as a hoomaker to Mr. William Fern, of Hackney, also with assaulting that person and stealing an indenture.

Mr. W. Heritage, for the prosecution, observed that it was absolutely necessary to make an example of the apprentice in this case as a warning to others. The lad had been bound for three years and a half without a premium, refused to work, behaved insultingly to his master, who was kind to him, promised at this court on a former occasion to behave with propriety, yet the minute he had left the magistrate's presence flatly refused to return to work, and went to the house of his parents; thither his master followed, and at the request of the youth's mother produced the indenture, she expressing a curiosity to see it. No sooner was it in her hands than the defendant entered, snatched the document, and, with gross language, threatened to put it in the fire. He then attempted to leave the house, and when his master endeavoured to prevent him taking the indenture away, he struck and bit him in the ear, swore to dash his brains out with the poker, and ultimately escaped out of a window, but was subsequently apprehended on a warrant. The indenture cannot be found.

Magistrate: I have invariably noticed that where no premium is paid with apprentices they refuse to work, and unfortunately their parents take part in such misconduct. I recollect that the indenture was perfect, and it is a foolish notion that apprentices are absolved from the consequences of solemn obligations, as all such are, when they succeed in destroying it. It is very seldom that I determine on sending an apprentice to the House of Correction, but if this case is proved I shall certainly do so.

Evidence having been heard fully proving the justness of the complaint, and defendant still insisting that he did not know where the indenture had been put, he was sent for two months' hard labour to the House of Correction.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Henry Somers, a middle-aged man, of careless appearance, was brought before Mr. Elliott for final examination on a charge of self-attempted murder by strangulation.

From the testimony of police-constable Dennis Weano, 135 1/2, and other witnesses, it appeared that on that day week the prisoner entered the Queen Elizabeth public-house, in King's-row, Walworth, and, while alone in the taproom, made a desperate and very nearly successful effort to strangle himself by twisting his neckcloth.

The prisoner attributed the act to the recent loss of his wife and child, expressed deep sorrow for his conduct, and solemnly promised that he should not be guilty of a second attempt.

Several respectable friends were present, who corroborated his statement, and promised to take care of him for the future; and, under the circumstances, Mr. Elliott consented to his discharge.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Although only a limited amount of stock has been absorbed this week, the value of home stocks has been well supported, and the market generally has ruled firm. Consols have risen 1/4 to 1/2, both for money and time. Exchequer bills have marked 2 1/2 to 2 1/2. India Securities have continued steady. The Debentures have realised 94 1/2 for the old, and 93 1/2 for the new. India Stock has sold at 215 to 217; and India Bonds, 7s. to 7s. discount. About £200,000 in bullion has come to hand from Australia and the United States, and a portion of it has been sent into the Bank of England. Upwards of £1,000,000 in silver was forwarded to India by the last packet, and future shipments are expected to be large. Mexican dollars are in good request, at 60 1/2 per ounce. Standard silver is worth 61 1/2.

Both at the Bank of England and in Lombard-street there has been a steady demand for money, and the rates of discount have ruled firm. In the open market the lowest quotations for the best short paper are 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 per cent.

In the Continental Exchanges no material alteration can be perceived; but those at St. Petersburg show a profit on the shipment of gold to England of about 10 per cent.

The dividend of the Bank of England for the past half-year is 4 per cent., or 1/2 per cent. more than in the corresponding period in 1858.

On the whole, a fair business has been done in the Foreign House, and prices have been well supported. Turkish 6 per Cent have been done at 83 to 84, and 64 to 65. Russian Scrip have been done at 11 to 12. Brazilian 5 per Cent have been done at 103 to 104. Mexican 3 per Cent, 217. Peruvian 4 per Cent, 81. Ditto 3 per Cent, 72. Portuguese 4 per Cent, 44. Sardinian 5 per Cent, 84. Spanish Deferred, 34. Dutch 24 per Cent, 65. Ditto 4 per Cent, 102. Canada Government 6 per Cent have sold at 112. New Brunswick ditto, 110. New South Wales 5 per Cent, 99. Victoria 6 per Cent, 111.

Miscellaneous Securities have continued flat. Electric Telegraph shares have sold at 100. Great Britain 1. Red Sea and Indian Telegraph, 154. Peninsular and Oriental Steam, 77. Van Diemen's Land, 84.

The value of most Railway Shares has been well supported; but, for the most part, the transactions have been restricted.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The present week's arrival of English wheat, both old and new, has been very moderate, and the general quality of the samples has continued somewhat inferior. Good and fine wheats have moved off steadily, at an advance in the quotations of 1s. per quarter; but the transactions in other kinds have been devoid of interest, on former terms. Most descriptions of foreign wheat have sold to a fair extent, at extreme currencies; but floating cargoes of grain have commanded very little attention. Fine barley has been scarce, and in request, at very full prices. Inferior parcels have ruled heavy. About an average business has been passing in malt, on former terms. Oats and beans have sold on easier terms; but the value of peas and flour has been supported.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, Red, 36s. to 43s.; ditto, White, 40s. to 48s.; Norfolk and Lincoln, Red, 36s. to 43s.; Rye, 32s. to 34s.; Grinding Barley, 25s. to 29s.; Distilling, 27s. to 32s.; Malt, 36s. to 43s.; Peas, 70s. to 75s.; Potatoes, 24s. to 32s.; Turnips, 41s. to 45s.; Gray Peas, 40s. to 42s.; Maple, 42s. to 44s.; Hops, 42s. to 46s. per quarter. Town-made Flour, 40s. to 42s.; Town households, 35s. Country Marks, 28s. to 32s. per 280 lbs.

CATTLE.—The supplies of oxen and sheep have been extensive, and prices have been very moderate, and the general quality of the samples has continued somewhat inferior. Good and fine oxen have moved off steadily, at an advance in the quotations of 1s. per quarter; but the transactions in other kinds have been devoid of interest, on former terms. Most descriptions of foreign wheat have sold to a fair extent, at extreme currencies; but floating cargoes of grain have commanded very little attention. Fine barley has been scarce, and in request, at very full prices. Inferior parcels have ruled heavy. About an average business has been passing in malt, on former terms. Oats and beans have sold on easier terms; but the value of peas and flour has been supported.

TEA.—There is a fair average business doing in nearly all kinds of tea, at last week's improvement in value. Common sound Congou is selling at from 4s. 10d. to 5s. 10d. per lb.

SUGAR.—An increased business has been transacted in most raw sugars, and, in some instances, prices have had an upward tendency. Several parcels of Havannah have found buyers, at 38s. 6d. to 41s. per cwt. Floating cargoes are in improved request, at extreme rates. Refined sugars move off slowly, at 48s. to 49s. 6d. per cwt. for common brown lumps. Crushed sugars support former terms.

MOLASSES.—The transactions in this article are restricted to a few parcels, on former terms.

COFFEE.—There is very little improvement to notice in the demand for any kind; and the transactions are wholly restricted to immediate wants.

COCOA.—Good and fine samples are selling at full quotations; but other kinds are very dull.

RICE.—Most qualities have moved off steadily, at full last week's currency. Rangoon has realised 9s. 6d., and Moulinein, about 9s. 3d. per cwt.

PROVISIONS.—Fine qualities of butter continue in steady request, at full prices; but inferior kinds are a little dull. Bacon very little is doing, on former terms. Hams continue firm.

SALT.—Our market is firm, and prices are well supported. Bengal has realised 3s. 9d. to 3s. per cwt.

METALS.—Scotch pig iron is in sale, at 51s. 9d. cash, mixed numbers. Smelter moves off slowly, at 20s. 15d. per ton. Straits tin, £140 and 141s. Tin plates, copper, and steel, continue steady.

COTTON.—Most descriptions are a slow sale, but not cheaper. HEMP AND FLAX.—Hemp continues to move off slowly, and Tenterburg is freely offered at 42s. 10s. per ton. Flax is unaltered in value.

WOOL.—English wool has advanced 1d. per lb., with an improved demand. Foreign and Colonial parcels rule about stationary.

SERVICES.—The demand for rum is inactive, nevertheless prices are supported. Proof Licenses are at 2s. 2d.; proof East India and Mauritius, 1s. 9d. to 1s. 10d.; Jamaica, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per gallon. Brandy is in steady request. The vintage of 1857 is selling at 9s. 6d. to 10s. and 10s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. per gallon. Hollands, Geneve, in hogheads, to arrive, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d., do., in quarter casks, in bond, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d.; English spirit, proof, free on board, 1s. 11d. to 2s. per gallon.

OILS.—Lined oil, on the spot, is quoted at 28s. 3d. to 28s. 6d.; rape, 35s. 6d. to 45s.; palm, 40s. to 45s. 6d.; and olive, Gallipoli, 45s. 6d. Nuts of turpentine, 35s. 6d. to 36s.; and rough, 9s. to 9s. 6d. per cwt.

TALLOW.—Prices have a drooping tendency, and the market is flat. P. Y. C. on the spot, is quoted at 57s. to 57s. 3d. per cwt. The stock is 21,924 casks, against 11,047 in 1858, and 16,723 in 1857. Rough fat, 3s. 1d. per 5 lbs. The latest quotations at St. Petersburg are 60s. to 61s. per cwt.

COALS.—Best house coals, 17s. 9d. to 18s. 9d.; seconds, 16s. 3d. to 17s. 3d.; Hartley's, 14s. to 15s. 6d.; and manufacturers', 12s. 6d. to 14s. per ton. Trade active.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

BANKRUPT.—H. A. CHURCH, Great Cornhill street, Russell square, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—D. and J. SCOTT, Auchinblae, tailors.—W. McLEAN, Glasgow, smith.—D. JACK, Glasgow, envelope maker.—R. RENTON, Dalbeattie, draper.—W. WILSON, East Kilbride, grocer.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. J. HAWOOD, Manchester, hosier.

BANKRUPT.—J. HARRISON, Pinner, Walker, Berners, builder.

J. GREEN, Northampton, builder.—T. FRANCIS, Cross road, Tottenham, builder.—H. WOOD, Moorpark street, City, merchant.—T. MACHIN, Birmingham, innkeeper.—C. BOWDEN, Tavistock, Devonshire, mine agent.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—W. GRAHAM, Stornoway, Ross-shire, gentleman.—J. ANDERSON, G. McKENZIE, and W. HILL, Paisley, thread manufacturers.—REV. T. BUCHANAN, D.D., minister of Methven, Perthshire.

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA, not being covered with powdered coal, prevents the Chinese passing off the low-priced brown autumn leaves, consequently lasting strength is always found in this tea. Prices 2s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. per lb., in packets. Pursell, 80, Cornhill, and 119, Cheap-side; Elphinstone, 727, Regent-st.; Gould, 198, Oxford-st.; Wolf, St. Paul's; Webster, Moorpark-st.; Bearman, Hackney; McCash, Stratford; Doll, Kingsland; Purvis, Islington; Gosling, Kentish-town and Pimlico; Harvey, Portland-place; Stiles, Nottingham; Johnstone, Charing cross; Lucas, Bridge-st.; Westminster; Porteus, Baywater; Newell, Hackney; Catlin, Snow; Hill, Leaden; King, Leaden; Bower, St. John's wood; Martin, Bow; Buckland, Covent garden; Dodson, 95, Blackman-street. Horniman's Agents in every town.

WANTED LEFT-OFF CLOTHES FOR AUSTRALIA.—Mr. and Mrs. JOHN ISAACS, 319 and 320, Strand (opposite Somerset House). W.C. continue to receive, at price in Cash for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Clothes, Regiments, Underclothing, Boots, Books, and Miscellaneous Goods. Letters addressed to: Parcels from the country, the utmost value returned same day. Established 48 years.

FINE WESTPHALIA HAMS, 7½d. per lb. SHEPPARD'S Cheese, Butter, Bacon, and Ham Warehouse, 88, High-street, Borough, S.E. THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

GLASS LUSTRES for Gas and Candles, Gas Chandeliers, Hall Lamps, &c. Every article marked with plain figures. HULSTON & CO., 55, High Holborn. Pattern-book with price-list, price 12s.

PAPERHANGINGS.—The Cheapest House in London for every style of French and English design is Messrs. WOODS' Warehouse, 70, Great Portland St., Marylebone, where the public can see the largest stock in the kingdom, commencing at 12s. 6d. The trade supplied.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to health and longevity, by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE, compounded of Oriental Ingredients, is of inestimable value in improving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and in rendering the breath pure and fragrant. It eradicates caries from the teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves Enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like whiteness. Price 2s. 9d. per box.—Sold by Messrs. ROSS, 20, Hatton-garden, London, E.C. and by Chemists and Perfumers.

BALFE.—THE SANDS OF DEE.—The Poetry by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Price 2s. "One of the best songs Mr. Balfie has composed; original in idea and treatment, and full of character. The poetry is exquisite, and wonderfully suggestive. We know no song we could so strongly recommend."—Morning Chronicle.

BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BALFE.—DAYBREAK. The Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Fourth Edition. Price 2s. BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BALFE.—TWO LOCKS OF HAIR. The Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Second Edition. Price 2s. BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BALFE.—THE ARROW AND SONG. The Poetry by LONGFELLOW. Price 2s. Fourth Edition. BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

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SIX SONGS FOR LEISURE HOURS. By THOMAS PLUMTRE (METHUEN, M.A., in One Book, price 7s. 6d.). "Of this publication the 'Musical World' says—'While recognising, to use its own words, 'decided merit in them all,' applies to the several songs such expressions as 'beautiful words,' 'by themselves,' 'melodious,' 'sweet,' 'easy,' 'extremely clever,' &c. The 'John Bull' declares them to be 'easy of execution and extremely expressive.' The 'Sun' finds them to be 'distinguished by originality and tenderness,' and the 'Literary Gazette' 'applauds their general correctness and finish.' London: Kossart Cooke and Co., New Burlington-street, W., Publishers to the Queen.

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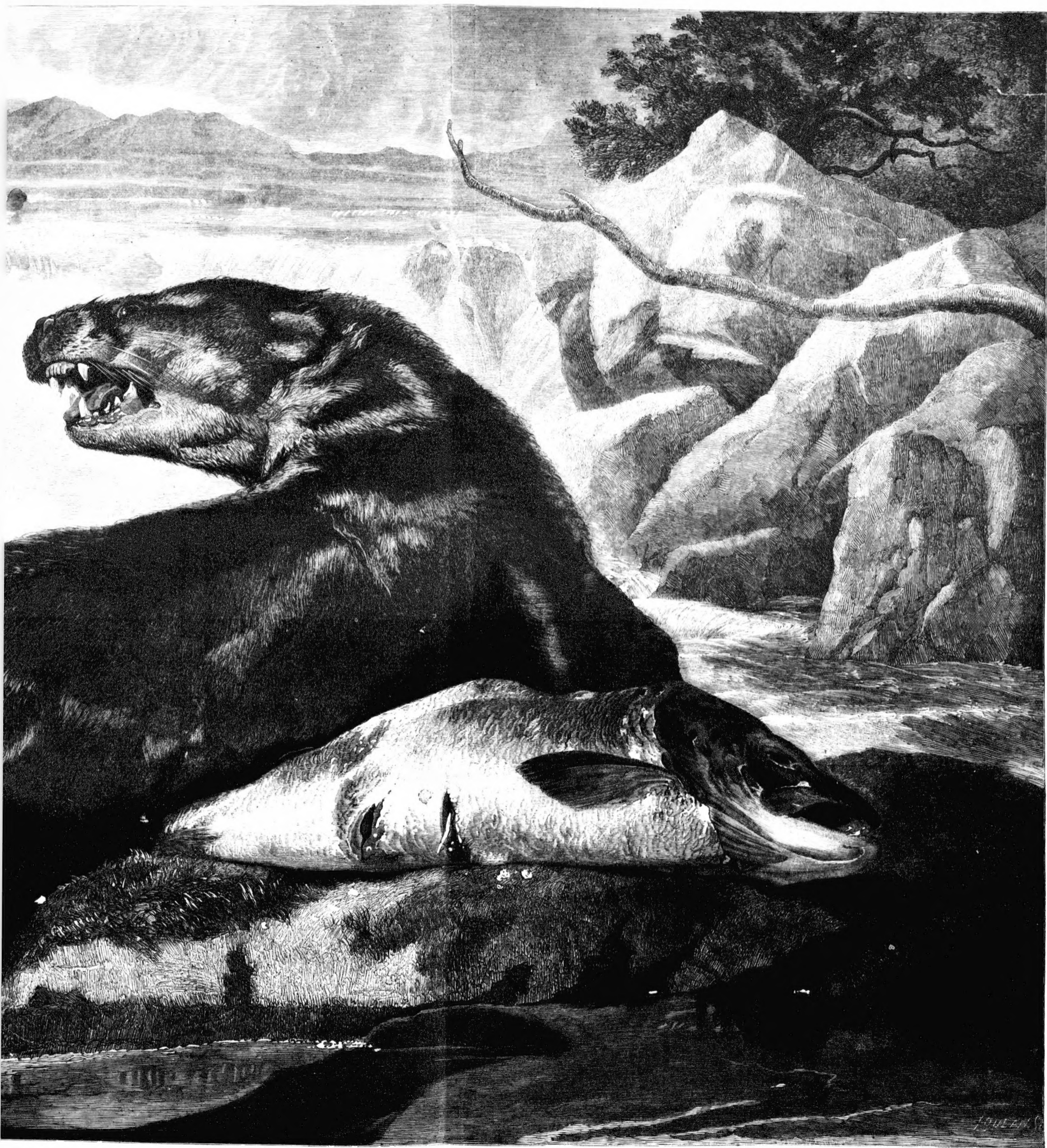
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